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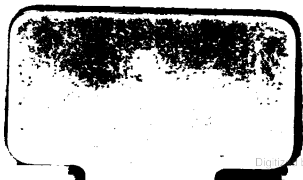
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Malone. B.
158.



THE
NORTHERN HEIRESS:
OR,

The Humours of York.

A
COMEDY.

As it was acted at the
NEW-THEATRE
IN
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

By MRS. MARY DAVYS.



LONDON: Printed by H. MEERE,
for A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and
J. BROWNE and W. MEARS both without *Temple*
Bar. 1716. (Price 1s.)





To Her Royal Highness the
Young Princess ANNE.

M A D A M,



S Nature and Fortune have set you above Flattery, my greatest Concern is, that I must shew my Want of Power in doing your Highness common Justice, because it requires the finest Pen to draw such nice Strokes as can any Way come up to the curious Original. To speak of your budding Beauty, your promising sprightly Wit, your affable sweet Temper, and those many Virtues you are so early initiated into, comes still so short of your intrinsic Value, that I only lay my self open to the Censure of the World, for aiming at a Work I have not Skill to finish.

But, M A D A M, what I want in Judgment, to draw so fine a Picture, I make up in a most submissive Obedience to your illustrious Family; and do here assure your Highness, the Royal King G E O R G E has not a Subject within his three Kingdoms, that would do more to shew his Zeal for him, than I would.

D E D I C A T I O N.

would. May he (as now) always shine in the clearest Light: May he continue the Support of Church and State: Let his Crown flourish upon his own Head; and may his Enemies meet with that Reward which is always due to Ingratitude, Treachery, and Infidelity; and when Time has spun his Thread to the last Inch, may he again revive in his Heroick Son, your Father.

As for the Trifle I have laid at your Highness's Feet, it is, I own, unworthy of such a Patroness; but if it be not so very correct, it is free from the three grand Topicks on which most of our modern Comedies are founded, *viz.* Obscenity, Faction, and a general Contempt of Religion; which makes it fitter for the Protection of so much Innocence and Goodness. And if your Highness can but find (in one of those Hours that you allow to your Diversion) the least agreeable Amusement from it, it will be the greatest Honour, as well as Satisfaction, to

M A D A M,

Your Highness's most Dutiful,

A N D

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

M A R Y D A V Y S.

The P R E F A C E.

I Confess it is not without a good Share of Vanity, that I reflect how industrious some of the York Gentlemen were to damn this Play; and it is still an Addition to that Vanity, to think how superior a Number there was to defend me; and oppose t'other. The first Night, in which lay all the Danger, was attended with only two single Hisses; which, like a Snake at a Distance, shew'd a Resentment, but want-ed Power to do Hurt. The one was a Boy, and not worth taking Notice of; the other a Man who came prejudic'd, because he expected to find some of his Re-lations expos'd. But both his Fears, and his ill Na-ture, were groundless, his Family being such as de-serve Respect from all, and from me in particular; and if any of the Characters was design'd for any of them, it was only one of the very best. But as some Tempers are not to be oblig'd, I shall take no far-ther Pains in my own Vindication; only I think this angry Gentleman would have shewn a greater Contempt, had he said, This is a Woman's Play, and consequently below my Resentment.

But it seems even that is deny'd me by some; and as a Child born of a common Woman, has many Fathers, so my poor Offspring has been laid at a great many Doors, who, out of Pity to their own Unde-rstandings, has sent the Brat back to its lawful Parent: I am proud they think it deserves a better Author. The Success it met with the third Night, was (con-sidering the Time of Year, and my own want of Ac-quaintance) infinitely above what I had Reason to expect; and as the Town, and the Ladies in parti-cular, have been pleas'd to favour my first Attempt, it will make me more industrious to promote their Diverſion at a more convenient Season.



The PROLOGUE.

A Female Muse, from Northern Clime, this
Day
Presents upon the Stage her first-born Play.
What she expects, to all but her's unknown :
She sure can never hope to please this Town.
Learning she's as none, so can have no Supplies
From ancient Books, but on her self relies.
How weak Support, you Poets know, whose Brains
Having at last produc'd, with mighty Pains,
Pieces in which not one Rule was forgot
Of all that mighty Aristotle wrote ;
Nature in all the Characters observ'd,
And Time and Place to Nicety preserv'd.
Yet for all this ill-natur'd Criticks Spite,
Have scarcely let them live 'till their third Night.
Beside, she wants those Helps that some have got,
Who take from French or Spanish Plays their
Plot,
From others Works judiciously can glean
The choicest Flow'rs to adorn their barren Scene.
Could she do this, she then perhaps might please
An Audience, and do it too with Ease.
Alas ! she knows no Languages but one ;
And what she gives you here, is all her own.
From her own Sex something she may expect ;
'Tis Womens Duty Women to protect.
For Pity, Ladies, let her not despair,
But kindly take the Suppliant to your Care ;
Let her from you but some small Favour find,
The Men will be out of good Manners kind.

THE EPILOGUE.

IT is a Custom very much in Vogue,
When the Play's done, to speak the Epilogue;
In Style that may the Ladies Humours hit,
And, tho' the Play has none, to have some Wit:
But if the Poet's Brains so empty are,
As to have none, or none at least to spare,
It then has been his Care, that every Line
Should with some roguish double Meaning shine.
In serious Plays, this mostly has prevail'd;
And of Applause seldom or never fail'd;
When a Nymph comes in stately tragick Dress,
With smutty Jest in jingling Doggrel Verse.
The Beaux all clap, as pleas'd to see her Pain
Is at an End; and she is theirs again.
Our Author I advis'd to take this Way,
And told her it perhaps might save her Play:
From Lady Greasy's Mouth it would not look
Amis; if she had down right Bawdy spoke;
Whose Character I own I can't but fear
Will seem too strain'd to some nice Criticks here,
Because perhaps it mayn't be very easy
In this fine Town to match my Lady Greasy;
But she, I'll warrant, thought herself too wise,
To hearken to, or follow my Advice;
Has, as most Poets have, Conceit enough,
Talk'd of her Modesty, and such strange Stuff.
Lord help her Head, who'er in any Age
Knew Modesty successful on the Stage?
I told her this; but she wou'd not submit,
Wou'd still be obstinate; 'tis therefore fit
The Play was damn'd, to teach the Author Wit.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Gamont. A Gentleman makes Love to the Heiress.
Welby. A Gentleman just come from Travel, in Love with *Louisa*.
Sir Jeffrey Hearty. A good Sort of a Country Knight.
Sir Loobily Fiddrel. A Fool.
Bareface. A Fop.
Capt. Tinsel. A Half-pay Officer.
Ralph. *Gamont's* Man.
 Three Country Fellows. Tenants to *Sir Loobily*.
 Fiddlers.

W O M E N.

Isabella. The Heiress.
Lady Ample. Her Aunt.
Louisa. *Gamont's* Sister. A Lady of Merit.
Lady Greasy. A Chandler's Widow, whose Husbands
Lady Swift. A Brewer's Wife, shall be Lord
Lady Cordiant. A Glover's Wife, Mayors of York.
Miss Dolly. *Lady Greasy's* Daughter.
Eyddy. *Isabella's* Maid.
Susan. *Lady Ample's* Maid.

M E N.

<i>Gamont,</i>	<i>Mr. Leigh.</i>
<i>Welby,</i>	<i>Mr. Christopher Bullock.</i>
<i>Bareface,</i>	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Sir Loobily,</i>	<i>Mr. Bullock, Sen.</i>
<i>Sir Jeffrey,</i>	<i>Mr. Hall.</i>
<i>Ralph,</i>	<i>Mr. Morgan.</i>
<i>Capt. Tinsel,</i>	<i>Mr. Coker.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Isabella,</i>	<i>Mrs. Thurmond.</i>
<i>Louisa,</i>	<i>Miss Rogers.</i>
<i>Lady Ample,</i>	<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Lady Greasy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Hunt.</i>
<i>Lydia,</i>	<i>Mrs. Spiller.</i>
<i>Miss Dolly,</i>	<i>Mrs. Chantrell.</i>
<i>Lady Swift,</i>	<i>Mrs. Cook.</i>
<i>Lady Cordiant,</i>	<i>Mrs. Kent.</i>
<i>Susan,</i>	<i>Mrs. Rastbridge.</i>

Country-man,
 Servant.

Mr. Hil. Bullock.



The Northern Heiress, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE *a Boarding-House in York.*

Enter Gamont.

Gam.



OR the few Hours of Life allotted me,

Give me, ye Gods, but Bread and Liberty.

Humble Cowley! — How easy would the bitter Cup of Life go

down, could we but bring our Desires to terminate in this Poet's Wish? And how glorious would a Life, given up to the Resolves of Content, shine in this dissatisfy'd Age, where Mankind do not only repine at their own narrow Circumstances, but at the Affluence and Prosperity of their Neighbours too? — But hold — How the Devil came I to stumble upon so much Morality to Day! Gravity is not my Talent, and I am sure it is not my Inclination; tho', Gad, to say the Truth, if the old Gentleman does not come to a better Resolution, I shall have nothing else to keep me from hanging my self, unless I turn Speaker to a Quaker-Meeting, and renounce the Flesh for the Spirit. — Let me see: Faith, I believe it would be no hard Matter to spin out an Hour in incoherent Bombast, and by moving Nonsense, set my godly Crew a crying, tho' I could hardly forbear laughing my self.

Enter Isabella and Louisa laughing.

Isab. Nothing vexes me, but that I don't know to which of us the Gallantry was design'd.

Lou.

Lou. Nay, I am sure it was to me; for he gave you only a careless sliding Bow, as he went by; but mine was attended with an obsequious low Reverence. Beside, when he look'd at you, he had an Air of good Sense; but when he turn'd to me, that of a very Sheep, as all Men have when they are going to make Love.

Isab. Hold, *Louisa*; you'll bring the Satyr a little too near Home: For if so reasonable a Creature as Man always looks like a Fool when he makes Love, it must proceed from a Consciousness of doing a Thing he has Reason to be ashamed of; and if so, 'tis we are the worthless Animals.

Gam. You are so very intent upon your Spark, Ladies, that you won't see me, nor give me Leave to bid you Good Morrow. Pray, where have you been so early, spreading your Nets, that you have met with Game already?

Isab. What, are you up too! Why, this Sister of yours lay with me last Night; and her Prayers run so in her Head, that she could not sleep this Morning, but got up to go to the Minister, and forc'd my Inclinations to go with her; and there it was we met with the Game you speak of.

Lou. Well, well, the Men say we go to Church for nothing but to pray for Husbands, and for ought I know this may have been my critical Minute.

Gam. to *Isa.* You see, Madam, you are like to resign; my Sister is resolv'd to have him.

Lou. Yes, for two Reasons; I shall provide for my self, and save you from Disappointment.

Gam. Aye, *Louisa*, if you could do so, my whole Life would be too little to thank you for't.

Isa. I'll swear I believe you Men think it impossible to please a Woman, unless you introduce some Fustian or other. Pray, Mr. *Gamson*, let us throw aside this old Tale, as some People do a Salt of Glouchis, to brighten and look new again.

Gam. Aye, Madam, thus my Mouth is always stopp'd, and I am forc'd to sacrifice my Inclinations to my Obedience. But, *Louisa*, who is this unfortunate Hero, that seems to be just entering into a State of Uncertainty and ill Usage?

Lon. All I know of him, is, that he look'd like a Man of Merit, ogled, bow'd, and sent his Man to dogg us.

Isab. And for Fear he should lose the Chace, follow'd himself at a Distance, tho' they both lost us at last.

Gam. O poor Gentleman, that was unlucky. Well, he'll find you again at the Races; for by the Marks you have given of him, I fancy he is in a fair Way of being us'd like his Fellow-Creatures.

Isa. Mr. Gamont, he that complains without a Cause, should, by my Consent, have Cause enough. For my Part, I am so weary of it, that if this Gentleman's Designs happen to be upon me, (unless he be very unreasonable indeed) I shall rather chuse to use him as he expects, than as he deserves; for one had better have a Lover that makes himself too sure of one's Favours, than one that can never be persuaded he receives any at all.

Lon. Nay, *Isabella*, there you and I differ. I should rather chuse a desponding Lover, than a presuming one; because it is an easier Matter to cure one by good Usage, than t'other by ill; the one takes every civil Word and Action as an Effect of your Goodness, and thanks you for it; the other places your Contempt rather to your Want of Taste, or Manners, than to his own Want of Merit; so blames you for his Faults.

Isab. The best Way to prevent a Misapplication of our Favours, is, to shew none at all.

Gam. Yes, Madam, that Method you are perfectly Mistress of; for tho' you seem to reproach me with your civil Usage, the only Mark of your Favour I ever receiv'd, was a Box in the Ear, and a Week's Banishment, for only offering to snatch a Kiss.

Isab. I declare, Mr. Gamont, you are one of the most unreasonable Men in the World, to complain of a Woman that comes to see you so soon in a Morning.

Lon. Nay, nay, Brother, don't let that pass; she was forc'd to come in for Sanctuary from her Pursuer. Hence, I was fain to swear you were not up, which indeed I thought.

12 *The NORTHERN HEIRESS; or,*

Ifab. Come, *Louisa*, let us leave this repining Brother of yours, and go and draw Cuts for the new Spark: Methinks I begin, with the Men, to think in Favour of Variety. [*Exeunt Ifab. and Lou.*]

Gam. I hope I may wait upon you to the Door, however. [*Exit after 'em.*]

Enter at the other Door Lady Greasy and Welby.

L. Gr. Truly, Sir, I like you the better for not beating me down of my Price; and I'll assure you you shall fare no worse for't. — I hope you go to Church.

Wel. Yes, Madam, when I go any where.

L. Gr. Aye, you young Men don't matter many Prayers. I fancy you are not above twenty three.

Wel. Thereabouts.

L. Gr. And you have been beyond Sea ever since your Father dy'd, you say. It's chargeable travelling; you have a good Estate I warrant.

Wel. Indifferent, Madam. [*Aside.*] Here's three Questions ask'd in a Breath, that every Body of good Manners would forbear: What Religion I am of? what Age I am of? and what Estate I have? Egad I believe the old Woman has a Mind to me.

L. Gr. I hope, Sir, you keep good Hours.

Wel. Madam, I have the Misfortune of being so much a Stranger in the Town, that I shall want Inducement to sit up: I'll go to Bed, and rise when you please. But pray, Madam, what Company have you in the House? I shall be glad to be acquainted.

L. Gr. Why, here is very good Company, I'll assure you. Here's me and my Daughter, and a Gentleman and his Sister; then here's a rich Knight came but last Night; and — [*Miss Dolly at the Door.* Mother, here's one wants you.] Coming, Barn. Pray, Sir, sit down, and I'll wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*]

Wel. Solus. Well, I find I shall want neither Company nor Talk while this old Woman and I are Co-habitors together; but one Poyson sometimes proves an Antidote for another; that of my own Love, drives out that of her Impertinence. — But hold, here comes another of the Family, I suppose.

Enter Ralph looking about him.

Ralph. I beg your Pardon, Sir; I thought my Master had been here.

Wel. aside. I should know that Fellow. Prithee, Friend, who is your Master?

Ralph. A very worthy honest Gentleman, I'll assure you, Sir.

Wel. I believe as much.

Ralph aside. He's plaguy civil to my Opinion; for I am sure he does not know him.

Wel. Pray, Sir, may I beg the Favour of your Master's Name?

Ralph. Sir, my Master's Name is *Gamont*, Sir, at your Service.

Wel. Aye, I thought so. Ads Death, where is he? Prithee fly, and tell him, one *Welby* waits with Impatience to see him.

Ralph. Good lack, Sir, I had quite forgot you; but I'll run to my Master with the joyful News. I am sure he will be transported to hear you are here. [*Exit.*]

Wel. Solus. This is so much above my Hopes, to meet with such a Friend at such a Juncture. I shall have some Hopes too of seeing this dear lovely Woman again; for so much Beauty can no more be conceal'd, than the Love it must needs create in every Breast. — Aye, but what if she should prove his Mistress? That Thought distracts me.

Gamont entering. Sirrah, if you have told me a Lie, I'll certainly break your Head. [*Gam. and Wel. run to each other and embrace.*]

Gam. My dear *Welby*! is it possible? Can I believe my Eyes? Or do I dream? The Pleasure of seeing my Friend at *York*, after so long an Absence, is so great, and so unexpected, I can hardly credit my Senses.

Wel. Had I known where to have found my *Gamont*, he should certainly have been acquainted with my coming into the North; but my being so long Abroad, and not residing any Time in one Place, depriv'd me of the Pleasure of corresponding with my Friends; which made me almost afraid, that every Body in *England* had forgot me.

14 *The NORTHERN HEIRESS; or,*

Gam. I am of Opinion we had more Reason to fear your forgetting us; considering how fond the whole World is of Variety, and what Opportunities you have had of enjoying it.

Wel. Aye, Variety is a little pleasing at first; but too much on't cloy. Believe me, *Jack*, there's no Place like old *England*: 'Tis true, one would see o'ther Countries; which only serves to make us relish our own better; as at an Entertainment one would taste of several Dishes, but find none so fit to make a Meal of, as a plain Rump of Beef.

Gam. I find no Body can bring themselves to a thorough Contempt of the World, 'til they have run thro' all the Pleasures of it; and then submit to *Solomon's* Opinion, *That all is Vanity*.

Wel. Expectation is always greater than the Pleasure it self; which makes People eager in Pursuit of what they can't purchase, and careless of what they can. For my Part, I am heartily tir'd with Rambling, and am resolv'd, after a Month or two spent with you at *Tork*, to bid adieu to Gallantry, retire to my Country-Seat in *Nottinghamshire*, do Good to my Neighbours, marry, and get Heirs to inherit my Estate; then sleep in Peace, and be bury'd with my Fathers.

Gam. Thou art a happy Fellow, *Welby*; and if Fortune were not a Bitch, I should have been so too.

Wel. Come, the less Merit she has, the less she's worth our Notice; think of her no more: But tell me how you came to quarrel with your Father; for by your living at such a Distance, I fancy there's no good Agreement betwixt you.

Gam. You're in the right, *Ned*; we don't agree, and it is impossible we should; which you will own, when I have told you the old Gentleman doats, and is fall'n in Love, as he calls it.

Wel. In Love! Prithee with what?

Gam. His Chamber-Maid, which my Sister and I cou'd not bear; so he told us, if we did not approve of his Proceedings, we might change our Quarters; which accordingly we did.

Wel. This I own would vex one; but I see no Relief but Patience.

Gam. Patience! A very pretty Remedy truly; I wonder in my Conscience that the Government does not erect a Sort of *Bedlam*, where People, when they are so old as to be past doing Good, might be confin'd, and hinder'd from doing their Posterity Hurt.

Wel. Ha, ha, ha, a very good Scheme: But you don't consider those Sort of People are so very numerous, that one half of the Nation would be fill'd with such Edifices. But how came you to chuse *York*, of all Places, to live in?

Gam. Why, you know I always lov'd Company; and the small Fortune my Uncle left me, would not hold out at dear *London*; so I struck in at *York*, next to *London* fam'd for Gallantry.

Wel. But where does this Sister of yours live? I remember I heard much of her Beauty and good Qualities, before I left *England*.

Gam. As for her Beauty, I shall leave you to be the Judge of it, when you see her; but for her good Humour, I can give no greater Proof of it, than to tell you, she denies herself the Pleasure of the Town, to live with me here, that by Supplies from her Estate, I may be enabled to keep up that Figure I have always made in the World.

Wel. What, then your Father has given her a Fortune?

Gam. Not a Soufe; an old Grand-mother left her eight thousand Pounds.

Wel. Her Character is very engaging; methinks I long to see her. Well, but how do you spend your Time? What Company have you? And what Conversation among the Ladies?

Gam. Why, we have abundance of People, but little Company; much Ceremony, but little Manners; many Folks with Titles, but few of Quality, tho' the whole Town abounds with Ladies. Such Ladies: But it's impossible you should have any Notion of 'em; for you never saw any Thing like 'em, unless it were old *Bullock*, when he acts the Orange-Wench in *Sir Fopling Flutter*.

Wel. What the Devil, all the Women are not such strange Gigantick Creatures?

16 *The NORTHERN HEIRESS; or,*

Gam. Oh! no; but every Thing in Order. I speak now of some of the Aldermens Wives, who would be less ridiculous, were they less fond of being call'd Ladies; without which, you must never speak to 'em, tho' you may often see 'em going to Market in a blue Apron and a Bonnet, with a Basket for Butter and Eggs. Nay, the very Right Worshipful the Lord-Mayor himself shall, with his Gold Chain about his Neck, sell you a Halfpenny Worth of Inkle, or a Pennyworth of Pins.

Wel. Methinks, since the Fools are so fond of their Titles, they should strive a little to keep up their Grandeur too. But no more of your Mechanicks. What Sort of Mortals are your Gentlewomen?

Gam. Oh! some of them Women of Merit, beautiful and genteel. The chief Diversions are the Assemblies; at which you may meet with very tolerable Amusements, kept twice a Week for their own and Strangers Entertainment.

Wel. Lady *Greasy* told me of some Knight you had here. Prithce what Sort of a Fellow is he?

Gam. A downright Country Booby, that was scarce ever out of the Smoke of his own Chimney, brought up under the Wings of his Lady Mother, who, one would think, had him and her Calves fed out of the same Trough; for I am sure he has not much less of the Brute in him, than they have; and yet this Beast sets up for my Rival, with a Pox to him.

Wel. Rival! Why, you never told me you were in Love.

Gam. Yes, *Welby*, I am in Love with an Angelick Woman; but there is 20000*l.* to add to the Charm.

Wel. What, I warrant the rich Heiress I have heard of.

Gam. The same: But methinks you have had early Intelligence, to hear of her so soon.

Wel. Oh! a great Fortune is like a great Bell; the Sound goes far.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, Mr. *Bareface* is below, and desires to know if a Visit will be acceptable this Morning?

Gam. Bid him come up. This Fellow comes opportunely,

portunately, to let you see we have Variety of Fools; tho' he is one of the first Magnitude, I assure you, an extravagant Lover of himself, and fancies every Bddy else is so. But here he comes to give you the rest of his Character himself.

Enter Bareface.

Bare. Lard, Mr. Gamont, how are you able to stay at Home this fine Morning? — How! a Stranger! I beg ten thousand Pardons; I fear I have disturb'd you.

Gam. Not at all, Sir; this Gentleman is a Friend of mine, and would be glad of your Acquaintance.

Wel. If you will do me that Honour, Sir.

Bare. Oh! Lard, Sir, I am your most oblig'd, most devoted, and most humble Servant, Sir: I am most superabundantly rejoyc'd, that so compleat a Gentleman has determin'd with himself to make me so happy.

Wel. aside. Civil Coxcomb.

Gam. But, Mr. Bareface, I thought you nice Gentlemen had not usually made your Appearance so soon in a Morning; why, I believe it is scarce Nine a-Clock yet.

Bare. Oh! Sir, Lovers can rest no where; besides, lying a-Bed spoils the Complexion.

Gam. I suppose, Mr. Bareface, your Choice is so good, you're not asham'd on't; what happy Lady has the Honour of your Heart?

Bare. Why, I believe I may venture to tell you two, because I am sure you don't know her. It is one *Isabella*, lately come to Town; a fine Woman; and a tolerable Fortune.

Gam. aside. Son of a Whore. We have heard of her, Mr. Bareface; I suppose you mean the Heiress.

Bare. The very same. Egad she's a fine Creature; and I am resolv'd to have her.

Gam. Have you ever told her so?

Bare. Not yet; for I only saw her once at the Assembly.

Wel. No Doubt, Sir; when once she knows your Mind, the Symetry of your Shape, and Delicacy of your Complexion, will rob her of all Power to resist.

18 *The NORTHERN HEIRESS; or,*

Bare. Oh! dear Sir, I am your most superabundant humble Servant.

Wel. But, Mr. *Bareface*, since you are so early a Riser, how do you employ your Time till other People are up? I fancy you are a great Reader.

Bare. Ha, Sir, it is a Sign you are a Stranger to me. Read! No, no, I never read a Book in my Life, but what I was forc'd to at School; and then I forgot as soon as I left it. No, Reading's too laborious for a Gentleman; I thank Heaven I can be more pleasantly employ'd.

Wel. Sir, if the Question would not be thought impertinent, I should be glad to know how you do spend your Time.

Bare. Why, Sir, as soon as I slip out of Bed into my Night-Gown, I make my self nicely clean, by washing my Hands, Arms, Face, and Neck; then I clean my Teeth, comb my Eye-brows, fill my Snuff-Box, and perfume my Handkerchief.

Gam. I thought all your Perfumes had been out of Use.

Bare. Oh Lord! no, they are more in Use than ever among People that have any Taste in Dressing; and I would no more smell like the Vulgar, than I would look or talk like them. Then I can sing, dance, play upon the Spinnet, write Billet-Doux to gain the Ladies Hearts; and when I have play'd with 'em a while to divert my self, send 'em back again with Scorn.

Wel. You are cruel to the Ladies, Mr. *Bareface*.

Bare. Gad, Sir, I can't help it. But, *Gamont*, how comes it to pass we have not seen *Louisa* at the Assembly this Week? Falth, she's a fine Woman, and I am really in Love with her.

Gam. Did not you say you were dying for the Heiress?

Bare. aside.] Zounds! I forgot that.

Gam. Beside, I doubt, if *Louisa* should give you her Heart, you would only divert your self with it, and send it back with Scorn. But hark, I hear my Lady *Greasly* coming; what will you do with your first Noe now? I fancy she's hardly perfum'd this Morning.

Bare. Oh, Sir, I carry an Antidote about me, for Fear of such Misfortunes. *[Pulls out his Handkerchief, and claps it to his Nose.]*

Enter Lady Greasy.

L. Gr. to Wel. Oh, that's well; I see you have got Company. I would have come sooner, but was forc'd to stay to see some Tallow weigh'd; for there's no trusting Servants now-a-days. Mr. Gamont, I think you know this Gentleman.

Gam. Yes, Madam, he and I are old Acquaintance.

L. Gr. Why, truly I thought he look'd like a good, civil, sober Sort of a Man, or I would not have taken him. I might have had my House full of Dukes and Lords this Race-Time, if I would have taken 'em. But I don't like your rakish Quality, as they call them. I know nought they are good for, but to mak Wark, and get one's Maids with Barn.

Bare. Lord, how you and I differ: If I were in your Lordship's Place, I should not care to have any Body else come into my House.

L. Gr. Aye, aye, Mr. Bareface, every Body knows how fond you are of 'em, by your aping them so. It's well your poor Mother, my Lady Bareface, is dead, or you had broke her Heart with your Fopperies and your Fookeries. I am sure it brings the Tears into my Eyes, to think an Alderman's Son of York should *disgenderate* so, as to be like neither Father nor Mother. Gentlemen, his Worship's Honour, Alderman Bareface, was a fine saving Man, got Money and a good Estate for this Jackanapes to squander away.

Bare. Pray, Madam, keep this Lecture till it is squander'd away; upon my Word it is entire yet.

L. Gr. That's more than I know, Tom Tawdrey. His Father put him a good Trade in his Belly, for he was a Soap-Boyle; but as soon as his Head was laid, he throws by his Business, rambles up to London, binds himself Prentice to a Fop, which they say is a great Trade there; then comes down here, and sets up for himself.

Bare. Don't mind her, Mr. Welby; I own indeed my Father was a Tradesman, and brought me up to his Business while he liv'd; but when he dy'd, and

left me a Gentleman's Estate, I was resolv'd to be a Mechanick no longer; for I could see no Reason, that because I was born in an Hog-Stye, that therefore I must wallow in Dirt all my Life after.

L. Gr. Wallow in Dirt, Sirrah— Now, Gentlemen, as I hope to see the Rogue come to an ill End, his Mother kept as clean a House as any Lady in *York*. Ah, thou foul unthriven Guest, thou'lt never thrive, I warrant, for speaking so *misdaingly* of thy Parents.

Bare. Oh dear Madam, I have all the Respect in the World for their Memory, may I perish else; but the best Thing they ever did in their Lives, was when they dy'd, and left me in Possession of their Estate.

L. Gr. Aye, that's all you care; but you wanted Money for your Extravagancies while they liv'd. Mercy, God, what a Periwig has he got on! Why, I'll warrant, if the Truth were known, it did not cost less than twenty Shillings. Sha, pha, how ill-favour'dly it looks! Why, it covers all his Shoulders like a Nightrail. And what's the Matter, I marvel, he holds that Clout to his Nose? does it bleed, let me see soon. [*Pulls away the Handkerchief.*]

[*Gamont and Welby laugh.*]

Bare. Oh Lord, she smells most furiously: Pray, Madam, give it me, for I have got the Tooth-ach so horridly, I am not able to endure it.

L. Gr. Here, prithee take it, for it stinks like a Civet-Cat, as the Saying is. But now I think on't, you may do me a Kindness, and that's more than ever you did in your Life; which is, to tell your Fellow-Fool, Captain *Tinsel*, to come no more salivating under our Windows; tell him, if he does, I shall have something ready to entertain him with.

Wel. Salivating! What the Devil does she mean now?

Bare. I fancy your Ladyship means serenading; for I know he has a Tender for Miss *Dolly*.

L. Gr. A Tender for Miss *Dolly*! I'll *Dolly* the Fool if he comes here. Od's my Life, I shall have her run mad for a Thread-bare Red-Coat with a Copper Lace upon it. Come, let me hear again what you know of the Matter?

Bare.

Bare. Nothing, Madam, nothing. Lard, if I stay any longer, I shall lose my Sense of Hearing, and be poyson'd with the Stink of Kitchen-Stuff into the Bargain. Well, Gentlemen, I wish you a good Morning. I have promis'd a certain Lady to wait upon her, and it is almost my Time; so once more I kiss your Hands.

Wel. & Gam. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Bare. Lady Greasy, I am yours. [Exit.]

L. Gr. Well, it's an old Saying, *What's got over the Devil's Back, goes under his Belly*: For tho' this Fellow's Father and Mother were honest Folks, they were a little too covetous: I have known her wash her Hands in Butter-Milk, and then put it into her Servants Pudding: But what they sav'd at the Spiggot this Rake lets out at the Bung-Hole.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Come, Brother, don't you think it Breakfast-Time? the Tea-Kettle has boyl'd this half Hour. [Sees Welby] As I live, the very Gentleman that follow'd us from Church to Day. [Aside.]

Gam. Welby, this is my Sister.

Wel. And my Angel. [Goes and salutes her.] I had the Happiness, Madam, of seeing something very like your Angelick Form at Church to Day, but dare not think my self so happy as to be sure you are the same!

Gam. What, was it you that follow'd 'em from Church: I was half afraid I had got a Rival.

Wel. No, Gamont, if the other Lady was your Mistress, she's yours still; here I seal my Vow. [Takes Louisa's Hand and kisses it.]

Gam. Come, let us to Breakfast. Lady Greasy, shall we have your Company?

L. Gr. No, no, Mr. Gamont, I am for none of your slip slap Tea: Beside, I am going to drink with a Lady newly come to Town.

Gam. Then good Morrow to your Ladyship.

[Exeunt Gamont, Welby, Louisa.]

L. Gr. Sol. I can't forget what this Fellow said about my Dolly: If she should have any Thing to do with this Tinsel it wou'd break my Heart: But I am resolv'd I will give her fair Warning, and that before I go out. One can't be in too much Haste upon such

Occa-

Occasions; for I know Love is like a Bug, the longer it sticks in the Skin, the harder it is to pluck out.
[Goes to the Door, and calls.] Dolly, Dolly.

Enter Miss Dolly.

M. Dol. Did you call, Mother?

L. Gr. Aye, Barn, I am going to Lady *Ample's* this Morning, but have something to say to you before I go. How long has that Fellow, *Capt. Tinsel*, follow'd you up and down? I hope you don't encourage such Trash as he to come a-near you.

Miss. O Mercy! What shall I say? I must tell a Lie. Follow me, no truly I think not, I scorn the Thoughts of such an one.

L. Gr. Why, that's my Lass; thou art Mother's nown Daughter. I remember, when I was young, I kept the Men at a Distance, and I had always a power of them at my Heels: For to say the Truth, I was very handfom; oh, I had a Complexion like Strawberries and Cream.

Miss. Well; but if I must not have the Captain, when will you bring me the other you promis'd me? for every Body has a Sweetheart but I.

L. Gr. A-forward Girk. Well, well, I shall take Care to provide you a better Husband than he; one that has an Estate, and can make thee a good Settlement, keep thee in fine Cloaths, and a gold Chain; this Fellow has nought but Lice and the Pox to settle on thee.

Miss. I am sure if he dares speak to me, I'll spit in his Face, so I will.

L. Gr. Thou art a good Lass; keep House 'till I come back, and bid *Joan* get the Green Chamber ready for the new Lodger. I'll not stay; so fare thee well, my Lass. *[Exit.]*

Miss. Good buy, Mother. I was forc'd to tell her a Lie, for fear she should lock me up this Race-time. But for all that, I am resolv'd to have the Captain; for I am sure he loves me, and he's handfomer than *Mr. Gamont* by half. She would fain have had me to have had him, when he came first, and I had a good Mind my self; but he was such a Fool, he never ask'd me: So I don't care, I'll have the Captain; he

sent me some pretty Verses to Day. I'll go and read 'em.
[Pulls out a Paper and reads.]

*Since all Hostilities abroad are done,
Let me not meet with open Wars at Home.
Proclaim a Peace from them resurgent Eyes;
Pity a Heart that melts away in Sighs.
You only have Possession of my Breast —
O Good! I cannot stay to read the rest.*

At the Door. Miss Dolly, Miss Dolly. [Puts up the Paper, and goes off.]



A C T II.

SCENE *Lady Ample's.*

Lady Ample, Lady Swift, Lady Cordivant, and Lady Greasy, set at Breakfast, with hot Ale and Ginger, Butter, Rolls, a huge Cheshire Cheese, and a Plate of drunken Toast, before them.

L. Swift. **A**ND as I was telling your Ladyship, my Husband, Alderman Swift, lost three of his best Customers, for refusing his Vote to Capt. Flip.

L. Cor. Aye, aye, it's an easier Matter to lose one's Customers by refusing a Vote, than get new ones by giving on't.

L. Am. But, Madam, if the Alderman lost his Customers, he gain'd his Cause; and that was worth something.

L. Cor. So it was, Madam; and he that has got it, is an honest Gentleman. I promis'd him my Husband's Vote, when he was not at Home, and had much ado to make him stand to it; but next Morning I had a Ham and a Hare sent me, and that brought him over to my Side.

L. Gr. Marry, when my Husband's Worship was a-
bout it, got nothing for his Vote, but a Kiss, and a
Couple of Congees, and thought my self hugely paid

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too; for he was a curious fine Gentleman, and smelt like any Perfumer's Shop: But I wish'd I had not seen him; for I could not abide my own Husband for above a Month after.

L. Swift. Well, my Lady *Greasy*, if you got nothing but a Kiss and a Compliment, your Neighbour, *Mrs. Double*, got something else, or she's foully bely'd.

L. Am. Nay, Ladies, if you introduce Scandal, you invade the Rights of the Tea-Table; and since you will have none of the Liquor, pray let's have none of the Talk. Lady *Greasy*, why don't you drink your Ale? You'll let it be cold. I wish I had known of your coming, I would have had something better for you.

L. Gre. Indeed, my Lady, every Thing is very good; but I can drink no more, unless we had had a Bit of Flesh; a Collap of Bacon, or, hung Beef, would have done well.

L. Am. I am sorry I am no better provided of Suitable Meat for such Stomachs. [*Aside.*] But if you will please to stay the frying of an Egg and a Collap, my Maid shall do it in a Motion.

L. Swift. No, Madam, by no Means; it's too late now: But where is the young Gentlewoman that we came to drink with: Must we not have her good Company, to take a Cup of hotted Ale with us?

L. Am. Yes, yes, Madam, she will be here presently; she happens to be up this Morning, which is a Wonder; for she is one of those that loves no Companion in the Morning so well as her Bed. And I am sure such Company must needs confirm her in her Choice. [*Aside.*] But here she comes.

Enter Isabella, all rise but Lady Greasy.

L. Gr. Sweet *Mrs. Isbel*, pray excuse me; for I have got such a Pain in my Hock-bone, that when I am once set, I can't get up again.

Is. Pray, Ladies, be pleas'd to sit, I suppose, Madam, you have got a Cold in your Hip.

L. Gr. No, *Mrs. Isbel*, I have had it a great while, and they tell me 'tis a Certificate.

L. Am. I rather fancy, Madam, it is a Sciatica.

L. Gr. Nay, I know not, it's some hard Word; but whatever they call it, I am sure I feel it. (*Belches*) Oh! wo worth this Wind, it just overcomes me.

Isa. Aside.] Aye, and every Body else, a nasty Pole-Cat. To Lady Ample. Madam, have you no Brandy for my Lady; [*Aside.*] for I fancy that's what she would be at.

L. Gr. Aye, Mrs. Isbel, you know what's good for an old Woman. Truly I never us'd to drink Brandy 'til now of late, that I have been troubled with an Expression at my Stomach.

Isa. Aside.] So, this is like her Certificate. She has abundance of new Distempers. Ladies, will any of you drink a Dish of Tea this Morning?

L. Gr. No, Mrs. Isbel, no; we are for none of your far-fetch'd Liquors. Tea! what is it good for, but to swill one's Guts, scald the Teeth out, and never warm the Heart. No, I thank you, we are for none of your Tea.

Isa. I doubt, Madam, you're not sociable, if you don't drink Tea. I am sure you are in a Neighbourhood where they drink a great deal.

L. Gr. Yes, yes, but I don't like 'em; they are too proud, and knows not how to behave themselves to their Betters. There's one of them but a Knight's Wife, and she, forsooth, must sit above me, tho' my Husband was a Lord; nay, one of the best Sort of Lords, he was Lord-Mayor.

L. *Swiss.* Aye, and another proud Flirt jostled me from the Head of the Table, tho' her Husband was but a poultry Officer, a Colonel, or some such Thing.

Isa. Aside.] I have not Patience with those ignorant Brutes. Ladies, you speak with too much Contempt. There are a great many fine Gentlemen in the Army, that behave themselves with as much good Manners and Gallantry at Home, as Bravery and Honour Abroad.

L. *Swiss.* Aye, aye; I know you young Ladies like their fine Fringes and Feathers. But what do you think of Captain Tinsel, Madam?

Isa. I don't know much of him; but allowing him to be a Man of no Worth, would you condemn a

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whole Society because they happen to have one
Scoundrel among 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Sir Jeffrey Hearty is just alighted, and
desires to know if your Ladyship be at Leisure.

L. An. Wait on him up Stairs. [*Exit Serv.*] You'll
pardon the Freedom I take, Ladies, in introducing a
Stranger into your Company; but he is a Relation,
and a Country Gentleman, one that won't over-
load you with Complements, I dare promise you.

Enter Sir Jeffrey.

L. An. You're welcome to York, Sir Jeffrey.

Sir Jef. Cousin Anne, I am yours. Cousin Bella,
I am glad to see you. Ladies, your humble Servant.
[*Salutes them all.*] Aye, this is like the good old fa-
shion'd Way of House-keeping. I expected to have
found you all set round a Table no bigger than a Past-
board, and not much stronger, by my Troth, with
a Parcel of little Crocks, that hold no more than a
Girl would drink before her Sweet-heart. Come, have
you left any Thing, that a Man may partake with
you?

L. Gr. Aye, Sir, you Broke of me; you and I
shou'd do mains weell together. I am for something
in my Stomach that will keep out the Wind, and
not swill my Guts with hot Water, 'till one may
hear it swash as I go.

Sir Jef. Truly, Madam, you are on the right on't.
The Women in this Age mind nothing but their
Pleasure, and study nothing but how to consume
their Husband's Money.

L. Gr. Rise at Noon.

Sir Jef. Dine at Night.

L. Gr. Go to Bed in the Morning.

Sir Jef. As soon as they're up, call Jenny to hang
on the Tea-Kettle, and bring them a clear starch'd
Muslin Apron.

L. Gr. Aye; and see fear it should keep too long
clean, the Dog with his mucky Paws must be laid
upon it.

Sir Jef. When the Tea's ready they sit down, and
eat and drink 'till they are ready to burst; and then

their Husbands or Fathers must pity them, because they can eat no Dinner.

Isa. I wonder, Sir *Jeffrey*, how you, that live in the Country, come to be so well acquainted with the Behaviour of the Ladies of *York*!

Sir Jef. Oh, Madam, 'tis not the first Time I have been among the Ladies of *York*. As soon as the Cloth's taken away, they dispatch a Courier to three or four Idlers, like themselves, to make up a Set at Lue, at which, when they have lost all their Money, and fall'n out, they begin to dress for the Assembly.

L. Am. Where, as Mr. *Congreve* says; the Coroner's Inquest sits upon all the murder'd Reputations of the Town.

Sir Jef. True, Madam.

Isa. But pray, Sir *Jeffrey*, how must your Spouse behave herself when you get her? If she must rise at four to look after her Dairy, and keep undress'd herself to-dress your Dinner, I think she might as well have taken one of your Tenants as your self; for Nature has made no Difference betwixt a Gentlewoman and a Kitchen-Wench; it is the Sweets of Life that has done it, and if we must not enjoy them, they are of no Use.

Sir Jef. Well said, my little *Ball*. Come, come, you and I must talk again about this Matter.

L. Gr. Pray, my Lady *Ample*, will you call your Maid, that we may know what Bread and Ale we have had; for I must needs be going.

L. Am. Ladies, I should take it as the greatest Mark of your Favour, if you would dispense with the Custom of the Town for once, and let this little Treat be mine.

L. Swift. By no Means, Madam; I had as lieve break a Leg or an Arm, as an old Custom.

L. Cor. No, my Lady, no; this has been a Custom Time out of Mind. Our ancient and loyal City of *York*, has always been famous for keeping up an hearty and neighbourly Way among our selves, which keeps us all Friends; for eating, as well as lying together, makes Folks love.

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L. Am. Well, Ladies, if it must be so, I had better submit my single Opinion, than oppose so many superior ones. Here, *Susan*, bring a Plate, and let us know what Bread and Ale we have had.

Sir Jef. Aside.] How much Bread and Ale! what a Plague do they mean?

Enter Susan with a Plate.

Su. There's four Quarts of Country Ale, one of strong Beer, and three Pennyworth of Bread.

L. Cor. Prithee, Barn, tell us how much it comes to; for we are no great Reckoners.

Su. Aside.] No, so it seems, by my Troth. Madam, it comes to just two and nine Pence.

L. Gr. takes the Plate. Come then, our Twelve-pence a-piece does it, and there's something for the Maid.

Sir. Aside.] Take two and nine Pence out of three Shillings, and what remains? A Pox on their Three-penny Present. [*The Ladies get up, and take their Leaves.*]

[*Exit Susan.*]

L. Gr. Good Morrow, my good Lady *Ample*, and thank you for me. Sweet Mrs. *Isbel*, your Servant, Servant Sir.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Isa. So, Thanks to my Stars, I am rid of my Plague. I had rather sit in the Stocks all Day, and hear the Mob sing Ballads, than be confin'd to the Impertinence of those worshipful Ladies.

Sir Jef. Why what a Pox, Cousin *Ample*, do you invite Folks to your House, and then make them pay the Reckoning. Belike I shall have my Beer to pay for by and by.

L. Am. Ha, ha, ha: No, Sir *Jefrey*, you shall come off scot-free, I warrant you. I would not, you see, have taken their Mouey, but in Compliance to a foolish Custom, of which they are very fond, tho' they pay for't. You might have minded my Opposition put 'em into a mighty Stickle in Defence of their Privileges.

Sir Jef. A foolish Custom, quotha! Is it your Custom to go to one another's Houses, guzzle five or six Quarts of Ale, and then club round to pay for it?

L. Am. Nay, Sir *Jeffrey*, if you find Fault with our Proceedings, you must no more be admitted into our Society. I do assure you, this Humour prevails all the Town over, and every trivial Occasion brings them together.

Isa. Aye, aye, if a Friend comes to Town, they come to drink with you for Joy ; if they go out of Town, they come to help you to wash away Sorrow ; so that the good People are resolv'd to share both your Pleasure and your Pain, provided they may have a little Victuals and Drink to keep up their Spirits.

Sir Jef. I have often heard of the Gossips of *York*, but never saw any of 'em before. Pray what extraordinary Occasion brought 'em here to Day.

Isa. They came, I thank 'em, to drink with me, as they call it. To Morrow, I suppose, Sir *Jeffrey*, they will come and drink you to Town.

Sir Jef. Gad's Bud, I would they would; by the Lord Harry, I'd make 'em a Boul of Punch should send 'em Home so chirping merry, they should remember me 'till I came again ; and then, if they would, I'd make 'em another.

L. Am. Truly, Sir *Jeffrey*, I believe if some of 'em knew your Mind, they would go near to take you at your Word ; for they don't love Tea.

Sir Jef. Well, my little *Bell*, how many Sweethearts hast got ? Come, I doubt you're hard to please.

L. Am. Aye, Sir *Jeffrey*, so she is.

Sir Jef. Come, I believe I must bring her one from the Races, a brisk young Fellow that can leap over a five-barr'd Gate, either a Foot or a Horseback ; can hollow after a Pack of Dogs, without straining his Lungs ; and gallop after a Hare, without breaking his Neck. What say you to that, my *Lass* ?

Isa. I say, Sir *Jeffrey*, you have not describ'd the Man I like. I should be better pleas'd with one that lov'd less violent Exercises, and gave me less Fears in his Absence ; for whatever Pleasure he might take Abroad, I am sure I should not have much at Home, when I came to consider his Danger.

Sir Jef. Well said, my little *Bell* ; by my Troth, your Answer is worth a Pint of Sack. Why thou

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hast too much good Nature in thee for a modern Wife, and vow to Gad I believe will love thy Husband.

Isa. It is no Shame to love a good Man, Sir *Jeffrey*; and if he that Heaven has allotted me, prove worthy of that Character, I should deserve a very ill one myself, if any Thing were wanting on my Side, to contribute to his Happiness.

Sir *Jef.* Gad, I have good a Mind to court thee myself. Come, come, what signifies twenty or thirty Years Difference; say but the Word, and I'll go and take out a License before I go to the Races.

Isa. No, Sir, I can't promise to be equally complaisant to all Men alike neither; for as I am resolv'd to love the Man I marry, so I am resolv'd to marry the Man I love; for Love, like Charity, covers a Multitude of Faults.

L. Am. Sir *Jeffrey*, will you dine with me to Day, and I'll order Dinner exactly half an Hour after twelve, that we may all be ready for the Races?

Sir *Jef.* With all my Heart; and if I can but bring my little *Bell* to have a good Opinion of me, I shall go near to make the Pudding a Pound lighter. I am going now to *Ned Grey's*, to meet a Friend about some Business; at twelve you may expect me. [*Exit.*]

L. Am. So, my little *Bell*, you have got Hansel however; you can't say the Races have brought you nothing.

Isa. No, Madam; but I can say they have brought me something worse than nothing. It will be very hard if my Person and Fortune can command nothing better than an old Country Knight.

L. Am. True, Child; but that you need not fear: For if your Person should want Attractives, your twenty thousand Pounds will find a numerous Train of Attendants; *Mahomet's* Load-stone never drew with a more magnetick Force. Besides, you forget Sir *Loobiy Faddrel*, a Man young and handsome, rich, and —

Isa. Hold, dear Madam, I am so afraid you should out-run the Constable; I suppose the next Thing would have been his Wit.

L. Am. Well, you jeering Baggage, if he be not so

very quick in his Understanding, as your Favourite Gamont, he has an Estate and Title to make amends for't.

Isa. What an Unhappiness it is, that our Relations never consult any Thing but the Pleasure of Wealth? Methinks, Madam, you that have a Taste for Wit, should never prefer a Fool to a Man of Sense; but you force me to say, Sir *Loobily* must never hope to succeed, where *Gamont* thinks fit to address.

L. Am. Well, *Isabella*, I can but advise; and if you think fit to reject such an Estate, the Folly will be yours. But I'll leave you to consider of it, and go and order the old Knight's Dinner; perhaps he may please you better. *[Exit L. Ample.]*

Isa. Truly, so he does of the two. Oh! what a Morning have I had? First deafen'd with an impertinent Crew of old Women, then tear'd with Love from an old Man; then lectur'd in Behalf of a Fool; and last of all, and worst of all, persecuted by my own Thoughts in Favour of one that does not deserve that Character. No, *Gamont*, thy Qualifications are without Objection; and could I but persuade my self thy Love was ground'd on a generous Basis, not all the Titles in the World should ever have Power to draw me from thee. *[Exit Isabella.]*

Enter Bareface and Liddy.

Bare. Mrs. *Liddy*, if your Affairs will permit, I would fain have a Word or two with you in private.

Lid. Sir, my Affairs and Ears are both at your Service.

Bare. O Lord, Mrs. *Liddy*, you're very obliging; but I suppose you are not ignorant of what all the Town knows, that I have a good Estate.

Lid. No, Sir, I have often heard you have four hundred Pounds a Year.

Bare. And don't you think that very considerable?

Lid. Um — Yes, Sir, the Estate's very well. *[Aside.]* What does the Fellow mean?

Bare. Very well. Egad, I think it's extraordinary, added to my Person.

Lid. *[Aside.]* I can't imagine what he means, unless he be going to make Love to me; I'll humour him a little. Indeed, Sir, as you say, such an Estate, with

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with your Qualifications, is infinitely preferable to
a much greater, where they are wanting.

Bare. I find, Mrs. Liddy, you are a Woman of a distinguishing Taste, and can set a true Value upon Wit and Beauty. Egad, there are not many such Women to be met with.

Lid. Aside.] Aye, it must be so; he has certainly a Mind to me. Sir, I am very proud I have any Thing in my Power to engage your Notice.

Bare. Indeed, Mrs. Liddy, I have a very great Opinion of you; and to let you see I have, will entrust you with a Secret, in which I must beg your Assistance.

Lid. Aside.] Beg my Assistance! It's well if I ben't mistaken.

Bare. In short, I am in Love with your Lady, and know no Body has a greater Influence over her than you have; so, dear Mrs. Liddy, if you will be my Friend now, I will be yours for ever after.

Lid. Aside.] Pox take him, is that all? No Matter, I'll humour him still. Sir, you can't think how pleas'd I am to hear you make such a Proposal; and I am sure it is what my Lady will be very proud of; [*Aside.*] As how should she chuse? And you may depend upon all the Service I can do you.

Bare. Nay, I believe it will be no hard Matter to bring it about, only I would have you to break the Ice.

Lid. Aside.] I may chance bring more Matters about, than you are aware of, my Friend. Sir, I have already given you my Word to be very much at your Service.

Bare. Egad, Mrs. Liddy, and I will be very much at yours in the mean Time. Accept of this small Present, as an Earnest of something better. [*Gives a Purse.*]

Lid. Oh, dear Sir, I am asham'd to give you so much Trouble. Upon my Word, I should have done the very same Thing, if I had not tasted so largely of your Bounty.

Bare. A Trifle, a Trifle. Well, I'll keep you no longer, because I would fain have you go about it. Mrs. Liddy, your humble Servant. [*Exit Bare.*]

Lid. Sol. Well, here's a Purse of Broads, but there's but a few of 'em. Let me see how many.

the Purse.] By all my Hopes to cheat the Fool, five Edward Shillings: A Trifle, a Trifle, quotha — A Son of a — Soap-Boiler — Well, faith it's e'en enough, considering what he's like to get in Return; for my Wits shall fail me confoundedly, if they be not Part of his Wife's Portion.

Enter Ralph with a Letter in his Hand.

Ralph. Harkee, Mrs. Liddy, it has always been a Custom, ever since I have been a serving Man, that where the Master and Mistress are striking up Preliminaries of Peace, the Man and the Maid should have a little private Confabulation; then how comes it to pass that you and I are so strange?

Lid. Why you Fool, would you have me begin first?

Ralph. No, Child, it shall be sufficient if you comply when I begin. Come, I long to give you Earnest.

[Goes to kiss her.]

Lid. Stand off, Saucebox, and keep your Distance; I'd have you to know I have better Game in View, and scorn Rooks, while I can catch Woodcocks.

Ralph. O Pox, you Chamber-maids are so full of your Ladies Airs, that you don't know how to be civil to your Equals.

Lid. And you Valets are so full of your Master's Vanity, that you think every Body is your Equal; but I shall put you in a Way of knowing both your self and me.

Ralph. Egad, when I write a Play, you shall be the Queen in the Tragedy; for I see you can take State upon you to a Miracle.

Lid. Aye, pray when you write a Play, let it be a Tragedy; for I dare say it will be a sad one. But who's that Letter for?

Ralph. This Letter, I receiv'd it just now as I came in at your Door: 'Tis for my young Lady, but I dare not give it to her; I expected a Crown Postage, but came off with a crooked Sixpence.

Lid. Aye, I tell you your Expectations out-runs your Fate; but pray who gave it you?

Ralph. Mr. Bareface; but I intend to burn it; for I fancy 'tis a Love-Letter, and I may chance to have my Head broke about it.

34 *The NORTHERN HEIRESS; or,*

Lid. No, prithee, *Ralph*, give it to me ; I fancy I may make some Advantage on't.

Ralph. Yes, you're so civil, indeed ! Come, one Kiss, and 'tis yours.

Lid. No, Fool, I have a better Way of returning your Kindness ; another Time you shall know more.

Ralph. Well, take it ; for I find I can deny you nothing. [Gives the Letter.]

Lid. Have you any Business with my Lady ?

Ralph. Yes, I want to disburden my self of my Master's Service to her, and to load my self back with the joyful News of her good Health : He will be here himself by and by, to wait upon her to the Races.

Lid. Well, go in, and I'll acquaint my Lady, and bring you her Answer. [Exit *Ralph*.]

I find Master *Bareface* takes hold of Time by a double Handle ; here's five and Sixpence gone to Day in Bribes. Well, since he bids so fair for a Wife, I'll sake Care he shan't be disappointed : I have my double Design, as well as he ; and if one fails, an Answer to this Letter shall make it up again ; I know the Pop's so conceited, he'll answer any Affignation. [Exit *Liddy*.]

Enter Isabella and Louisa.

Isa. And *Gamont* and he are old Acquaintance then ?

Lou. Bred together at the University, where they contracted a lasting Friendship. For my Part, I was so surpriz'd and confounded, that I knew not what I did, but took up the Tea-Kettle, instead of the Tea-Pot, and fill'd every-Body a Dish of hot Water.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha, what said *Gamont* ?

Lou. Why he saw we were both in Disorder, and laugh'd at us accordingly.

Isa. I almost fancy this Mr. *Welby* has done a Work in a few Mours, which a Parcel of basted Bunglers have been forc'd to give over, after as many Years vain Attempts.

Lou. Nay, I knew not what he has done ; but if his Estate and Humour prove of a Piece with his Wit and Person, Heaven of it's Mercy defend my Heart ; for I am sure I shall never be able to do it my self.

Isa. He had need to be a Man of more than common

Merit, if he can command your Heart. Well, as you say, if his Estate does but answer the rest, I am in great Hopes to have you for my Precedent, and be conducted into the Land of Matrimony by my dear *Louisa*.

Lou. Were I sure you would follow, as I would have you, I should not care how soon I led up the Dance; but you starve poor *Gamont's* generous Love, for want of Hopes to keep it warm.

Isa. *Gamont's* particular, if he wants Hopes. Most Men have so good an Opinion of their own Worth, that they often hope, when they have very little Reason for it?

Lou. Aye, but he is not one of them; but, on the contrary, has given himself so entirely away, that a Disappointment must of Necessity be fatal.

Isa. Indeed, *Louisa*, I doubt you promise and vow more in his Name, than he will ever be able to make good. I know he is a Man of much Gallantry, and I should be a Woman of little Conduct, should I take Notice of it.

Lou. Why so, my Dear?

Isa. Because it is a general Thing; every Man makes Love to every Woman he sees. For my part, I only expect it in my Turn, and shall accordingly receive it.

Lou. Phu, phu, this must be Affectation in you; because you know your Merit commands Sincerity.

Isa. Indeed, *Louisa*, I never had Vanity enough to think any Thing, but my Money, could secure a Heart; but if *Gamont* be so much in Love as you would insinuate, he's in a dangerous Case; for he has a powerful Rival come to Town.

Lou. I hope you don't mean Sir *Loobily Joddrel*, that came to our House last Night.

Isa. No, he's my Aversion.

Lou. They say he's come on purpose to make Love to you; but if he knows how, I'll be content never to be courted my self; nay, I dare swear he would not understand you if you should make Love to him.

Isa. I believe I shan't try.

Enter

36 *The* NORTHERN HEIRESS; or,

Enter Liddy.

Lid. Madam, my Lord *Splendid's* Footman comes with his Lord's Service ; desires to know how your Ladyship does ; and if you are not engag'd to other Company, will come and wait upon you to the Races.

Isa. My Service to my Lord, and Thanks for the Honour he does me : Had I known of it sooner, I would not have engag'd my self, which now I have done. [*Exit.*

Lou. Aside. I doubt this is the powerful Rival. Well, my Dear, do you think of going to the Assembly after the Races ?

Isa. No : If your Inclination jumps with mine, we'll have the Fiddles, and dance in my Aunt's Dining Room.

Lou. With all my Heart.

Isa. *Gamont* may bring his old Friend with him, and then I shall have an Opportunity of giving my Opinion of your new Spark.

Lou. Aye ; but will it be safe to bring you together ? I don't know but you may rob me of a Spark, and *Gamont* of a Mistress.

Isa. No, no, there can be no Danger of that, *Louisa* does not use to make half Conquests.

Lou. Well, I must be in your Debt for that 'till I come again. Adieu for half an Hour. I'll tell *Gamont* your Design ; tho' I suppose he will be here by and by. You'll honour me with a Place in your Coach.

Isa. Aye, aye, make Haste again. [*Exit Louisa.*
Poor *Louisa's* gone with dubious Thoughts ; she knows not what to make of my Behaviour : 'Tis true, I do love her Brother more than Life ; but he shall never know his own Power, 'till I have made a Tryal or two of his Love, and then I'll use him as he deserves.

*For if I find he values nought but Coin,
I'll tear him from my Breast, and he shall ne'er be mine.*

A C T III.

S C E N E continues.

Enter Isabella and Liddy.

Isa. **T**IS Pity Nature did not change thy Sex, and Fortune thy Vocation; thou wouldst have made an admirable Lawyer; for I find, as it is, you can speak for your Fee.

Lid. If I have taken too great a Freedom, Madam, I hope your Ladyship will pardon it, 'twas an Effect of my Zeal.

Isa. Yes, Zeal for Gamont; but if you had any for my Interest, you would rather persuade me from him, than take such Pains in his Behalf. You know as well as I he has no Estate.

Lid. True, Madam; but your Ladyship knows, and so do I too, he must have one e'er long; his old Father must in a little Time resign both it and Life, and then —

Isa. And then perhaps he will be as imperious as he is now submissive; therefore say no more, for I am resolv'd to be satisfy'd: My Person comes at least upon a Level with my Money, or I must give up all Thoughts of him for ever.

Lid. Aside. Aye, but, Heaven be prais'd, that's out of your Power; you love him too well for that. Well, Madam, I shou'd be glad to have you satisfy'd, but don't know what Method you can take to be so.

Isa. I can do nothing without thy Help. I heard you say once, you could write a good Man's Hand.

Lid. Yes, Madam, if that will be of any Service to you, so I can.

Isa. Of very considerable Service: This very Man's Hand of yours must be employ'd in writing a Letter from my Uncle Richlove in London to me here at York, to let me know that Alderman Bristle, in whose Hands my Money is, is broke, and gone off with all.

D

Lid.

Lid. I understand your Ladyship: Then if Mr. Gamont—

Isa. Aye, then if Gamont proves the Man I wish him, and you believe him, to be, my Person and Fortune are his; but if I find any Alteration, I'll immediately give my self to another before his Face.

Lid. And so to revenge your self on a Man you only fancy does not love you, you will give your self away to one you are sure you hate.

Isa. Yes; and it would be less Mortification to lie in the Arms of one I don't love, who I am sure loves me, than be confin'd to one I do, and have no Return but Indifference.

Lid. Your Prudence, Madam, is not to be disputed by me; but if I were to be hang'd for it, I can't forbear thinking you try the poor Gentleman a little too far, because—

Isa. Liddy, no more; I'll go this Minute and write the Letter for you to copy; if Gamont comes before I return, tell him I am busy. [Ex.]

Lid. Sola. Well, I wou'd I were hang'd if I know what to do in this critical Case. To tell Mr. Gamont, would be to betray my Lady, and Treachery I scorn. Yet if I don't tell him, nothing but Mischief can be the Event. For to say the Truth, I don't think his Love runs so high as she expects; and I know no Way to prevent his Disappointment, and her Discontent, but by making him privy to it. [Pauses.] No, hang it, I'll have no Hand in it; 'tis wholly her own Contrivance, and if she be uneasy, 'tis wholly her own Fault.

Enter Gamont.

Gam. Liddy, where's *Isabella*? Methinks 'tis an Age since I saw her; tho' I fear she has not Love enough to think the Time so long.

Lid. Sir, she has not Love enough to send for you, tho' perhaps she is not very well pleas'd with your Absence.

Gam. Oh, such another Word wou'd make me very vain, and very happy. Come, prithee tell me; do I stand fair in her Esteem, or must I give Place to my rich Rivals?

Lid. Does she stand fair in your Esteem, Sir?

Gam. In my Esteem ! What the Devil do you mean by asking such a Question ?

Lid. Nay, nothing, Sir ; but as the World goes now, there is more Danger of your Sex's revolting, than ours ; and this is a good Time for it, now the Town is so full of Beauties and Fortunes.

Gam. Liddy, if you have not some particular Meaning for what you have said, it is very trifling ; if you have, you are not my Friend if you do not tell me. 's Death, has some base Person been striving to blast my Credit with *Isabella* ? Come, prithee tell me, let me know the worst.

Lid. Upon my Word, Sir, no Body has said any Thing to your Disadvantage ; your Fate lies wholly in your own Behaviour, which must be manag'd with Circumspection, or your Case may prove a little desperate.

Gam. Instead of clearing the Matter, you have made it more intricate ; either speak to be understood, or say nothing. What the Devil do you mean by all this ? Where is your Lady ?

Lid. Sir, she's now a little busy ; in half an Hour she will be at Leisure. In the mean Time, let Love and Honour be your Guide : But ask me no more Questions ; for I can only wish you knew what I dare not tell you.

Gam. Death, Hell, and Furies, you distract me. [*Ex.*]

Lid. Sol. Poor Gentleman, the Deaux take me, if I han't good Nature enough to pity him, and wish, with all my Soul, he had the Spirit of Divination ; for I much fear this sham Loss will be of evil Consequence to 'em both. But here comes the Letter.

Enter Isabella with the Letter, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Isa. Come, Liddy, sit down and copy this, before any Body comes. It is but short ; I'll read it to you.

Dear Niece,

I Am sorry I must give you so much Uneasiness, by sending you the sad News of Alderman Brittle, who is gone off a hundred thousand Pounds in Debts. I know your All was in his Hands ; however, be as easy as you can, and take my Promise of being a Father to you, as well as a most affectionate Uncle,

Zachariah Richlove.

Here, take it, and write it over; I'll watch that no Body comes. [*Goes to the Door.*]

Lid. *sitting down to write.* Hang this Writing; I hate it at best; but it's the very Devil to write for nothing but Mischiefe. [*After some Time.*] Here, Madam I have done, if you please to fold it up.

Isa. *folds up the Letter.* Now, direct it for me, at my Lady Ample's in York; and when Gamont comes, bring it in. [*Exit Liddy.*] Oh, how my poor Heart is rack'd, for fear this Tryal of Gamont's Love should not answer my Wishes. What a ridiculous Thing is a Woman's Fantafque? Here have I been tormenting my own Invention, to find out what, when known, may possibly give me the greatest Uneasiness. Well, Curiosity was the first destructive Evil that interpos'd between Man and Happiness; and I, with too much of the Itch of Knowledge, must be tasting; tho', like my Grand-mother Eve, I swallow my own Ruin.

Enter Louisa laughing.

Isa. You're very merry, my Dear; what has diverted you so?

Lou. That that would have diverted you, had you been there. My Lady Greasy has found a Letter from Capt. Tinsel to Miss Dolly, which has rais'd her Spleen to such a Degree, that I began to consider whether she was not stark mad or no.

Isa. A sad Misfortune indeed; I promise you I would not be in the Girl's Place for the Husband.

Lou. No, I believe not. I never saw any Body in such a Rage in my Life. She has pull'd the poor Toad about the House, and fous'd her with a Mug of Small Beer that stood upon the Dresser, 'till she looks like a Water-Witch.

Isa. 'Tis a Pity the Captain does not know the Distress of his Damozel; he would certainly come with Fire and Sword to her Rescue.

Lou. Really I wish he would, for her Case at present is but indifferent; you never saw such a Figure in your Life, unless it were a baird Shop-Lifter, just out of the Hands of the Mob.

Isa. That Landlady of yours, is a very Devil; I wonder how you are able to live with her. And when I warrant she has lock'd the poor Fool up.

Lou.

Lon. No, I left my Brother and Mr. *Welby* interceding for her Liberty ; which I suppose they will procure before they leave her.

Isa. Upon Condition she goes with some old Woman, of her Mother's chusing, to be her Guard.

Lon. Marry, if she ben't new-dress'd, she'll need no Guard ; for at present she's fitter to fright Folks, than invite them to steal her.

Isa. Well, what's become of *Gamons*? I think we have lost him. This new old Friend of his, engrosses him all to himself. I would fain see this Mr. *Welby* again ; I did not much mind him in the Morning.

Lon. They will both be here presently ; I heard my Brother say he would introduce him ; I wonder they don't come. Oh ! here they be.

Enter Gamont and Welby.

Gam. Madam, your humble Servant ; I have brought an old Friend here to kiss your Hand, and wait upon you to the Races.

Wel. Madam, if a Stranger may hope for such an Honour, it is what I shall be very proud of.

Isa. Sir, a Man of your Character, need not fear being acceptable any where. Mr. *Gamont*, you're a great Stranger.

Gam. I am glad you think so, Madam. My Friend here has, I own, taken Possession of my Body, but my Mind was, where it always is, with my dearest *Isabella*.

Isa. Oh, Mr. *Gamont*, you Gentlemen use your selves so much to this Way of speaking, that I fancy you hardly know your selves, when you are in jest, and when in Earnest.

Gam. Madam, you never display the Cruelty of your Sex more, than when you seem to doubt my Sincerity : It's very hard that all my Oaths and Vows must stand for nothing. I wish I had an Opportunity to convince you of my Reality.

Isa aside. That you may have sooner than you are aware of. To *Welby*. Well, Sir, how do you like the North ? Are you not afraid the Coldness of the Climate should chill the Ladies Hearts ? Or has it had so great an Effect upon your self already, as to make you careless whether it does or no ?

Wel. Really, Madam, I must own I cannot boast a Complacency for the whole Sex; but I have some Ladies in View, that I could with the greatest Difficulty in the World be indifferent to.

Isa. I find, Sir, you're for the Present Tense. Mr. Gamont, I think you are dull to Day; I see Extreams never last: Your Joy at the Sight of your Friend here has been so great, that it has spent its Force, and left you your own Reverse.

Enter Liddy with the Letter.

Lid. Madam, here's a Letter for you.

[*Isabella takes the Letter, reads it, and seems disorder'd.*]

Gam. aside. This Letter is certainly from some Lover; and she's vex'd that I have seen it. A Billet-Doux, Madam, from a happy Lover.

Isa. No, Mr. Gamont, it's of greater Concern; you wish'd for an Opportunity of shewing your Reality, and here is too fatal an one for you. [*Gives him the Letter, and pulling out her Handkerchief, drops that she had writ herself; then*]

[*Exit.*

Gam. reads. Hum—hum—gone off—and all lost—

Lov. I think *Isabella* is not well, I must after her. [*Ex.*

Gam. Egad, I don't like this. Here, *Welby*, prithee read it.

Wel. reads.—Faith, *Gamont*, this is ill News. I am sorry for't; for more Reasons than one. I suppose this will put a full Stop to your Amour: What will you do?

Gam. Do? I know not what to do; to go abruptly off will be base, because she made no Scruple of my Circumstances before this happen'd; and to persist, will be Folly and Madness. Ods Death I was never so puzzl'd in my Life. Prithee advise me.

Wel. I know not how: You must e'en pretend your Father has sent for you Home; I know no other Way, unless you are resolv'd to marry her right or wrong.

Gam. No; for her Sake I'll not marry her now; but if she will be content to stay 'till my Father dies, she shall certainly be my Choice; for tho' her Fortune begat my first Liking, I have found something in her Person very worthy of my Love: Beside, it would

would be the highest Ingratitude to leave her, if for no other Reason but because I believe she loves me.

Wel. I am glad to find you so generous a Lover; 'tis more than I expected. [*Stoops and takes up the Letter Isabella dropp'd.*] What have we here, [*reads.*] As well as an affectionate Uncle, Zachariah Richlove. Why, *Gamont*, this is the same again. [*Gamont takes it, and reads.*]

Gamont. The very same verbatim. Egad this is the luckiest Discovery that ever was.

Wel. It is so very lucky, that I don't understand one Word on't.

Gam. Why then I'll tell you; *Isabella*, I suppose, has taken it into her Head to grow jealous of her own Fortune, and, doubtless, fancies I like it better than her; upon which she has contriv'd this Letter (for it is her own Hand-Writing) as a Touch-stone for my Love.

Wel. If you are sure it is her Hand, it must be so; and then, as you say, the Discovery is lucky enough. For, faith, I believe you would have made but an awkward Piece of Work on't, if you had not had the old Encouragement to have gone on with.

Gam. Nay, I know not what I should have done; but I am glad it's no worse. Yes, yes, her Hand, I am sure it is her Hand. Beside, I remember now her Maid told me, my Fate depended upon my own Behaviour, bid me act with Circumspection, and let Love and Honour be my Guide.

Enter Lady Ample.

L. Am. Pray, Mr. *Gamont*, let's see this Letter.

Gam. Here it is, Madam. [*gives the Letter. Lady Ample reads.*]

L. Am. aside. I can't imagine the Meaning of this. It is not my Brother *Richlove's* Hand I am sure; but I won't say so to *Gamont*, because I hope it will be a Means to break the Match.

Enter Isabella and Louisa.

Isa. Well, Madam, what do you think of this melancholy News; are you convinc'd?

L. Am. Why, Child, I would have you to make your self as easy as you can; Misfortunes are very

common

common to the Inhabiters of this World ; and you have good Friends to depend upon: Beside, Sir *Loobily* will take you with all your Faults.

Gam. aside. The Devil take him, with all his, first. [To *Isabella*.] I can't say, Madam, that I am glad at any Thing that gives you the least Disquiet ; but I shall never look upon that as a Piece of ill Fortune, that gives me so fair an Occasion of discovering how far my Passion is from being mercenary. And, Madam, tho' while my Father lives, I have not an Estate that can deserve you, yet if you can confine your self to my present Circumstances, I'll make you as happy as I can now, and be doubly joyful when I have a Power to add to it.

Isa. aside. This is better than I expected. No, Mr. *Gamont*, it would be a Pity to involve you in my Misfortunes. I'll e'en content my self with a private single Life, and you shall always have my best Wishes, to be as happy as your Generosity deserves.

Gam. Madam, Happiness and a Separation from you are inconsistent ; surely now you'll give me Leave to hope, and no longer doubt my Sincerity.

Isa. I own, Mr. *Gamont*, my Thoughts of you are a little amended ; [*aside*] but I han't done with you yet.

L. Am. Mr. *Gamont*, this Gentleman, I presume, is your Friend.

Gam. Yes, Madam.

L. Am. You're welcome to York, Sir.

Wel. Madam, I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant. [*Salutes Lady Am.*]

L. Am. Come, *Isabella*, I happen to be a little gay to Day, which is not very common with me ; and therefore I bar all Chagreen, and desire all this good Company to help out in a Country-Dance in my Dining-Room, after the Races. I wonder Sir *Loobily Joddrel* is not come yet ; I expected he would have been here before now.

Isa. You need not fear he'll fail you, Madam, for here he is. [*Aside.*] Heavens defend me! what a Figure he makes.

Exit

Enter Sir Loobily in a Fife-burnt Periwig, a great Riding Coat, and dirty Linnen.

Wel. to Gam. Now, Gamont, look and tremble.

L. Am. I was afraid, Sir Loobily, we should not have had your Company, and that you were so taken up with your Horses, you could not find Time to see your Mistress.

Wel. to Gam. Upon my Soul, I should sooner take him for a Hangman, than either a Lover or a Knight.

Sir Loo. Nay, nay, haud you there; I love my Horses, that's true; but I love Mrs. Isabel too; and after I had seen them rubb'd down, and taken Care of, I came to look after her; and so, How do you do, Forsooth. [*All laugh.*] Why-a, why-a, I am mains glad to find you so merrily dispos'd. They told me those York Foke were so dull they never laugh at al.

Gam. But, Sir Loobily, methinks your Grooms should have taken Care of your Horses; the Ladies always expect to be preferr'd first.

Sir Loo. Why, Friend, that's true; but my Horse is to run to Day, and I had no Mind to trust him with any Body but my self; it would vex me to my Heart to have him lose for want of looking after.

Isa. You are in the right, Sir Loobily; beside, you know I can take Care of my self, and that's more than your Horse can do.

Sir Loo. Ad'st bud, and so you can, or you have spent your Time ill; for I believe you're at Age.

Loo. Bless me, Sir Loobily, what do you mean, to talk at this rate? Don't you know that nothing in the World can be a greater Affront, than to tell a Lady of her Age.

L. Am. No, no, not at al, Madam; my Niece has no Reason to be sham'd of her Age: Beside, I am sure Sir Loobily meant it well.

Sir Loo. Meant it well— Why, I hope there was no Ham in what I said, was there? I thought Age was honourable; I am sure it is reckon'd so in our Country; for the audest Man drinks first, and the audest Woman sits uppermost at Kirk; that's our Custom in Chawan. I know not how Things sadge here.

Gam. to Isa. Don't you wish to be an old Woman, Madam, to enjoy that valuable Privilege? *Isa.*

Isa. Every Thing in good Time, Mr. Gamont ; I am willing to keep the Pleasures of Youth as long as I can.

Wel. You are certainly in the right of it, Madam. A cold Respect would be but a small Recompence for the Loss of all the fine Things that are said to you now.

Isa. There's no great Loss in what we know to be Flattery, and Words of Course.

Gam. Now I am of Opinion, (tho' you have so much Humility) that most of your Sex thinks they deserve 'em.

Isa. That's as much as to say, we let our Vanity get the better of our Reason.

Lou. Why, without lying now, I believe the most of us do think so.

Isa. I pity them that do ; and to prevent my being one of 'em, will never believe what the best of 'em says.

Lou. Phu, that's running into the other Extream. 'Tis like a Man growing a Sloven, for fear of being thought a Pop ; or turning Quaker, lest he should pass for a Papist. But pray, Madam, what's Sir *Loobily* doing, that he does not bear his Part in the Company ?

L. Am. Doing ! he's asleep, I think.

Isa. aside. And I am sure 'tis Pity to wake him.

L. Am. Why, Sir *Loobily*, what are you thinking of ?

Sir Loo. Od so, I try you Mercy ; my Lady, I was reckoning how many Bets I had laid, and casting up how much I shall get into my Pocket, if my Nag wins.

L. Am. You might have done that another Time ; you should endeavour to entertain your Mistress now. [*aside.*] There's one very busy doing it for you, I see, which I don't much approve of. Come, Niece, pray let Sir *Loobily* have a little of your Company.

Isa. aside. I must own my Aunt has an admirable Fancy.

Sir Loo. Come, forsooth, ad we shall live main's happily. I can't but think how lovingly we shall smoke our Pipes together, drink a Pot of Ale, and play at Put in a Winter-Evening.

Isa. Indeed, Sir *Loobily*, I don't know what you'll do ; for I am a perfect Stranger to all those Things.

Sir

Sir Ioo. That's much ; all Women in our Country smoke Tobacco ; you must learn by all Means. Not smoke, quotha, ha, ha, ha.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot. Madam, Mr. Bareface and Capt. Tinsel are below to wait on your Ladyship.

L. Am. Desire 'em to walk up. *[Exit Foot-man.]*

Lou. So, here comes a Couple of Fools of a different Stamp.

Enter Bareface and Tinsel.

Bare. My Lady Ample, the lowest of your Slaves ; beauteous Nymphs, your Adorer ; Gentlemen, yours. There's so strong an Attraction in your Ladyship's House, that we found it impossible to go by, without offering our Service to wait on you to the Races.

Gam. The Ladies are oblig'd to you, Sir, but have promis'd to do us that Favour.

Capt. Oh, we are for invading no Body's Property ; 'tis not like a Man of Honour.

Bare. By no Means. *[aside.]* Tho' I believe the Ladies would be glad of the Exchange.

Lou. Captain, there's a great Misfortune happen'd to you, tho' I fancy you don't know it.

Capt. I am above Misfortunes, Madam ; I was always, I thank my Stars, of an undaunted Courage. But pray do me the Favour to let me know what 'tis.

Lou. I suppose you make no Secret of your Passion for my Lady Greasy's Daughter.

Capt. There's no resisting Destiny, or I should be ashamed, that a Person of my Birth and Quality could ever be enslav'd by the Daughter of a Mechanick.

Gam. Oh, Captain, you're not the first great Man that has been in Love ; and that you know makes all People equal.

Wel. Aye, aye, you know Alexander the Great was subject to a Persian Captive ; and Omphale brought the mighty Hercules to change his Club for a Distaff.

Bare. Pray, Mr. Gamons, was not that Hercules a Marshal of France ?

Gam. No, Sir, he was one of the King of Morocco's chief Elephant-Riders. *[All laugh.]*

Capt. Well, Gentlemen, I have better Blood in my

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Veins, than either of them. My Ancestors came originally out of *Ethiopia*; one of my Grand-mothers was Maid of Honour to the Queen of *Sheba*, when she made a Visit to King *Solomon*; there she marry'd to a *Jewish* Lord, who deriv'd his Pedigree in a direct Line from *Noah*.

Lou. aside. Well said.

Sir Loo. I don't understand one Word they say; I'll e'en go to my Horses. My Lady, Good-by; Good-by, Gentlefolks.

L. Am. Will you leave us, *Sir Lookily*?

Sir Loo. Aye, aye, I'll go to my Horses. *Exit.*

Bare. Lard, what a rough-hewn Brute it is? He stinks so of the Stable, the Stench has almost overcome me.

Capt. to Lou. But pray, Madam, let me know what cross Accident has done an Injury to the Affair that relates to my Passion.

Lou. Why, Sir, in short, my Lady *Greasy* has found your Letter, and beat your Mistress; and, to compleat the Misfortune, has lock'd her up.

Capt. Nothing more unlucky could have happen'd; for this Day I was in Hopes would have given her up to my Arms.

Wel. Come, come, Captain, don't despair. Mr. *Gamont* and I have been your Friends, tho' we did not know your Design.

Gam. Aye, we have prevail'd with my Lady, to let Miss go to the Race with Lady *Swift* and Lady *Cordivant*; so if you can overcome those Dragons, the Golden Fleece will be your Reward.

Capt. Aye, but how? for I know they will watch her as a Fox would a Poultry-Yard. Prithee, *Bare-face*, can't you help me to a soporiferous Sop.

Bare. A soporiferous Sop, what the Devil's that, a Bottle of Brandy? Well, come, now I think on't, I believe I can do you some Service.

Capt. Dear Rogue, what is't? Prithee be quick; Delay will rack me like a Fit of the Stone.

Bare. Delay may be dangerous; come away, and I'll tell you as I go. Ladies, you'll please to pardon our abrupt Departure; the Emergency of the Occasion excuses the Fault.

Capt. Ladies and Gentlemen, yours. [Ex. Bare. & Tim.]

Isa. Go your Ways, for a couple of Coxcombs.

Enter Sir Jeffrey.

Sir Jef. You see, Madam, I use no Ceremony; I come in without knocking.

L. Am. Nothing pleases me better, Sir Jeffrey, than an innocent Freedom.

Sir Jef. Come, I just call'd to see if you were for the Field, I believe 'tis Time.

L. Am. looking on her Watch. Aye, 'tis almost two a Clock, and the Coach is at the Door; are you for walking, Ladies?

Lou. We attend your Ladyship.

Sir Jef. If you'll give me your Hand, Cousin Ample, I'll see you to your Coach.

L. Am. I see, Sir Jeffrey, you han't forgot Ceremony.

Sir Jef. No, no, what a Pize, I am not so old neither.

Gam. to Isa. I hope, Madam, I may expect the same Favour from you.

Wel. to Lou. I wish you would give me your Heart with your Hand.

Lou. Should I give it away so soon, you would hardly think it worth Acceptance.

A Conquest easy gain'd you all despise:

We please you best, when most we tyrannize. [Ex. om.]

ACT IV.

SCENE a Tavern.

Enter Bareface.

Bare. HERE, you Drawer, is Captain Tinsel here?

Draw. Captain Tinsel, Sir, Yes, Sir— No, Sir, — I don't know, Sir. I'll go and see. [Ex. Dr.]

Bare. What's the Fellow mad! Oh now I have it. I suppose the Work is hardly done, and he's not to be here 'till it is. Well, this Contrivance of mine was a Master-piece, and I shall value my self accordingly. Enter Captain and Miss.

Capt. Dear Bareface, let me embrace thee; thou'st done more for me than ever my own Father did; for

he gave me only Life; but thou, Dear Rogue, Life, Love, and Liberty. [*Aside.*] For, egad, if I had not got her as I did, my next Lodging had been in a Jail.

Bare. Well, say Bully, by all this Transport I suppose my next Work is to wish you Joy, which I do from all the Inwards I have. And for your part, Madam, 'tis impossible you should miss on't in such Hands.

Miss. I know not what I shall have from his Hands, but I am sure I shall have nothing but Blows from my Mother's: I dare as well be hang'd as go Home.

Bare. Oh Madam, now you are a Soldier's Lady you must despise Fear.

Capt. My Dear, if she says one angry Word to thee, I'll set her Kennel on Fire, and roast her by her own Candles. But I am still in the Dark how you procur'd my Happiness. I saw you carry the Ladies into the Booth, to drink a Glass of Wine, but know no more.

Bare. Did not your Lady tell you?

Capt. No, I had no Time to ask her.

Bare. Why, as soon as I had them there, I ply'd 'em well with Bumpers, 'till they began to grow careless, then tipp'd the Wink upon *Miss* to follow me, which she did to the other End of the Booth; and while they were toasting one another's Healths, I demolished their Canvas Walls, and thrust her through.

Capt. By my Courage, a noble Contrivance; but what said they when they miss'd her?

Bare. Said! The Liquor and their Passion met upon their Tongues, that they could not say at all: So I e'en paid the Reckoning, told 'em I would go in Quest of her, and left 'em—but, Madam, I would have you make haste Home, before your Mother loses her Senses.

Miss. Captain, won't you go with me?

Capt. No, my Dear, I would not have your Mother know we are marry'd yet, for a Reason I have to myself; but do you make Haste, that you may be at Home before the Ladies.

Bare. Favour me with your Hand, Madam, and I'll convey you out the Back-way. [*Ex. Bare. and Miss.*]

Capt. solus. Thus far all's well. My next Work must be to secure her Money before the Thing takes Wind; for if the *Succubus*, her Mother, comes to hear on't, she'll put a Stop to the Payment; and then I had better she had kept her Daughter.

For

For tho' we talk of Love, and Womens Charms,

'Tis Money only draws us to their Arms. [Ex. Cap.

SCENE changes to Lady Greasy's.

Enter Welby and Louisa.

Wel. I hope, Madam, my Eyes have been such good Orators, as to save my Tongue the Labour of telling you any more how dear you are to me.

Lou. Mr. Welby, I don't understand the Language of the Eyes; nor can I think you a Man of so little Gallantry, as to have been in all the polite Parts of the World, and bring a Heart back with you at last.

Wel. Those polite Parts you speak of has nothing in 'em dress'd in your Charms. I surely brought a Heart back with me, and might have kept it had I never seen you.

Lou. Few Women of Discretion take Notice of such early Addresses; but if it be true, that I may boast a Conquest, I am really sorry for it, because I am not in a Condition to make the least Return.

Wel. Then I am miserable indeed:

Lou. I can't help it; for 'till my Father dies, or Brother marries, I am resolv'd to continue as I am; and I doubt not but the Freedom that is betwixt you and Gamant, has made you a Sharer in the Cause.

Wel. He has been so much my Friend, as to acquaint me with his present Circumstances; and I am sure I am so much his, as to share my Fortune with him, would you but comply.

Lou. No, Mr. Welby, when I marry, I am resolv'd to bring a Wife free from Incumbrances to my Husband's Arms; and 'till then, if you please, we will be very good Friends. But I bar Love and Marriage, as Enemies to my good Resolutions.

Wel. I own, *Louisa*, Friendship is a good standing Dish; but it is withal a cold one, which does not suit with the Desires and Wishes of a Lover like me.

Lou. Those that pretend to give a Definition of Love and Friendship, have been at a Loss to find a Distinction; and if they be almost the same Thing, (as some allow) one may sit as warm on your Stomach as c'other.

Wel. Aye, do but allow Love and Friendship to be the same Thing, and I am satisfy'd, because you have promis'd we should be Friends; and then, according to your own Hypothesis, we must be Lovers too.

Enter Miss Dolly running, Lady Greasy after her.

Miss. Oh dear Madam, Madam, pray save me.

L. Gr. I'll race you, Hussy; I'll teach you to run after your own Inventions no Body knows where.

Lou. Bless me, Madam, what's the Matter?

L. Gr. The Matter! a carrionly Queen, I sent her to the Race with two as good Ladies as ever wore a Gold Chain, and the provoking Jade watches an Opportunity, and gives 'em the Slip, without saying one Word.

Lou. But what need you be so angry, as long as you have her safe again?

L. Gr. Safe! I know not whether I have her safe or no: She may be neither safe nor sound by this Time, for ought I know.

Wel. Indeed, Madam, you're too severe upon poor Miss.

L. Gr. Aye, Hussy, for all you stalk behind them, I shall meet with you. I suppose that Rogue Barfaced help'd you to get away, a brazen-fac'd Cormorant; but I'll give the Hedgehog a Bowling-Pin for his Oliver, if ever I catch hold of him again, a great foul Dromedary.

Miss. But I am sure he did not; and you need not be so angry with a Body, I did no Hurt.

L. Gr. Yes, Queen, it was Hurt to leave your Company? What had you to do to stir out of their Sights I sent you with?

Miss. I only went with Miss Giddy to buy a Penny-worth of Apples, and when I came back they were gone.

L. Gr. Then where have you been ever since, Hussy?

Miss. Ever since!

L. Gr. Yes, ever since; you had best tell Truth, for I am resolv'd to know.

Miss aside. You'll know too soon. Why, I went in to Mr. Haughson's Dancing-School; but durst not stay for fear you should be angry.

Lou. Look'e there, Madam, you see poor Miss is very innocent, and thought of her Duty in the midst of her Pleasure.

L. Gr. Aye, aye, but I'll send to know. [*Ex. L. Gr.*
Miss aside. So you may if you will. I wish the
 Captain would come and take me away. I am sure I
 had rather be dead, than live such a Life, to be al-
 ways a beating, like her Maids, or lock'd up, like her
 Brandy-Bottle. [*Ex. Miss.*

Enter Gamont.

Gam. What, are you two acting the sullen Lo-
 vers, that you are so silent?

Wel. No; it seems we must act no Lovers at all;
 cruel *Louisa* has commanded an Impossibility, and ex-
 pects I should confine a boundless Passion to a cold
 Respect and a dull insipid Friendship.

Gam. Nay, come, *Louisa*, I am sure what I am
 fond of cannot be indifferent to you; I must oblige
 you to give my Friend Hope he stands fairest for your
 Love.

Lou. Brother, you know I have never made any
 Scruple of complying with your Inclinations, and
 when I see it suits with your Conveniency, perhaps
 may not be refractory to this; but Time must give
 the finishing Stroke.

Gam. You hear your Doom, *Welby*, you are destiny'd
 to Patience, as we are all when we have any thing
 to do with the contrary Sex: However, I'll promise
 no Body shall circumvent you; I wish any Body
 could do as much for me.

Wel. *Gamont*, you seem disturb'd at something.

Gam. I am so; I have been twice to see *Isabella*,
 but can't be admitted.

Wel. What's the Meaning of that?

Gam. I suppose she's taken up with Lord *Splendid*,
 who has been there ever since he came off the Field.

Wel. I saw him at the Race. Egad, *Gamont*, if he
 proves a Rival, he will, I fear, be a damn'd power-
 ful one.

Gam. He's the only Man upon Earth I fear; and
 if I meet with any more Repulses from *Isabella*, I
 shall conclude her counterfeit Letter was design'd ra-
 ther to remove than try my Love.

Wel. 'Tis well if it does not prove so at last; for I
 can't think *Isabella*, who follows the modern Dress,
 Talk, and Manners, should expect to be address'd after
 the old romantick Way, where —

Gam.

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Gam. A Man often got his Bones broke in the Service of his Mistress, but the Devil a Penny of Money wish her.

Lou. In them Days they wanted none; for their Love took away their Stomachs; and they wore no Cloaths but Helmets and Breast-Plates; then they liv'd in the Fields and Woods, where they paid no Rent, unless a small Tribute of Sighs, to sweeten the Air for the Beasts, their Redfellows.

Wel. You speak very unfeelingly, Madam, of those suffering Heroes: I wonder how you would reward a Man that spent his Time in Sighs and Solitude for you?

Lou. Truly, I would reward him with my Thanks, for ridding me of his troublesome Company; for I hate melancholy Folks.

Gam. Aye, *Welby*, this is all a whining Lover gets.

Lou. I'll go and see if *Isabella* will admit me. *[Exit]*

Enter Ralph

Ralph. Sir, there's a Man below has a Letter for you, but must give it into your own Hand.

Wel. No more Counterfeits I hope.

Gam. Bid him come up. *[Exit Ralph.]* I'm almost afraid to receive it, for Fear it should be a Discharge from *Isabella*.

Wel. It would mortify her sadly, if she knew you had her Sham-Letter.

Gam. Aye, for then she loses the Pleasure of seeing herself a Conqueror.

Wel. And the Mortification of knowing you an Hypocrite.

Enter Ralph and a Country Fellow.

C. Fel. to *Wel.* Is your Name Mr. Gamons, Master?

Gam. No, Friend, I am he.

Countrym. Why-a, why-a, then I have a Letter for you. R'r Lady, I have gone many a weary Gate and dirty Step with it. *[Fumbles in his Pocket, and pulls out a dirty Letter-Case.]* Marry, Master, I thought I should ne'er a found you: I am sure you had need to pay me well.

Gam. That's as I like the Contents. *[gives the Let.]*

Countrym. Contents! By the Mass I don't know what you mean by Contents; but an I had like a one, I should be content, and mains weel content too.

Gam.

Gam. *reads.* Well, Friend, as you say, the Letter's worth the Carriage. [*Gives Money.*] Here, will this content you?

Cousyns. Nay, I know not, 'till I see what Coulter it carries: Oh, it's right. Well, God be with you, Master. [*Exit.*]

Wel. *Gamont*, your Looks has a Mixture of Satisfaction and Concern in them. Who is that Letter from?

Gam. 'Tis from my Steward; he was forc'd to send a special Messenger, because he knew not how to direct.

Wel. Your Steward! Why, is your Father dead?

Gam. Aye, *Welby*, the old Gentleman is gone at last; a violent Cold, attended with a Fever, has carry'd him off.

Wel. Why then, Sir *John Gamont*, I wish you Joy of your Estate and Honour.

Gam. Nay, no Ceremony, prithee.

Wel. Faith, I am very well pleas'd. I hope this News will make up all betwixt you and *Isabella*.

Gam. No, it's my Turn now to try. She shall know nothing of it, 'till I see how Matters go betwixt her and Lord *Splendid*.

Wel. And pray make *Louisa* a Stranger to the News, at least 'till to Morrow; it will spoil our Mirth else.

Gam. I think mine was spoil'd before it came.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, there's something below would speak with you.

Gam. Something! Pray, Sir, explain your self.

Ralph. I can't, Sir, she's past finding out.

Wel. Oh, it seems 'tis a Woman then; I fancy there can be no great Danger in admitting her.

Gam. No. Pray desire your Something to walk up. [*Exit Ralph.*]

Wel. Your Man is dispos'd to be merry to Day.

Gam. Aye, so it seems; but here she comes.

Enter Liddy disguis'd, and mask'd.

Lid. Pray, Gentlemen, which of you two is Mr. *Gamont*?

Wel. I am.

Gam. No, I am he. [*Aside.*] Who the Devil can this be?

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Lid. As soon as you have determin'd which is the Man, I have a Message to him.

Gam. I should have taken thee for some Fortune-teller, but that I find you don't know your Game. My Name is *Gamout*. Now out with your Business.

Lid. A Body would think, a Message brought you by a Stranger, and a Woman, might deserve a private Audience.

Gam. I hope no Attempt upon my Chastity. I know not whether I may trust my self with you alone, or no.

Lid. Are you us'd to the Misfortune of Ravishment, Sir, that you are so mightily afraid of your self?

Gam. No, Forsooth, not much us'd to it neither; but it's no Rule, because a Thing never has happen'd, that therefore it never must.

Lid. I would fain drive out the Passion of Fear, to introduce that of Love. Suppose I come from a Lady of Beauty, Youth, Wit, and Fortune, who has, with all the rest, Love enough to make the first Advance; can you shew your self worthy of such a Favour, by making an honourable Return?

Gam. Hum— Faith, Child, that Question requires a little Time to answer.

Lid. aside. Does it so?

Gam. Well, but where, my Dear, where is this fine Lady to be found; for, egad, I'll make no Bargain 'till I see her.

Lid. No, Sir, do but promise to comply with the Lady's Wishes, if you like her when you do see her, and I'll this Minute convey you to her.

Gam. No, I thank you; so I may be drawn into one of *Don Quixot's* enchanted Castles. But to tell you the Truth, Child, I have more of the Sex already upon my Hands than I know how to manage, and don't care to engage my self any farther. But there's an idle Fellow has nothing else to do; may be he may go with you.

Wel. Not I, Faith; I love smuggled Ware as little as you do.

Lid. 'Tis a churlish Part indeed, to deny before you're ask'd; but I fancy your Companion's Behaviour has baulk'd my Lady so, that she will give over intrinsins

intriguing as long as she lives again. [*Aside.*] Now I know they'll dog me; but I have a Trick for 'em still. Well, Sir, since my Rhetorick fails, be pleas'd to try what that will do. [*Gives a Letter. They turn to read it, and she mean Time Liddy slips away. Gamont reads.*—] By this Time I fancy I have rais'd your
 “Curiosity high enough, to send your Man to dog
 “me; and you are as much resolv'd to find me out,
 “as I am resolv'd you shan't; for while you amaze
 “your self with this Paper, I am got Home.

Your humble Servant,

Best Go-between.

Wel. The Jade has out-witted us.

Gam. Box take her, so she has. Here, Ralph, [*Enter Ralph.*] do you know which Way yon Woman went?

Ralph. Not I, Sir; I thought she had been here still.

Gam. Run to the Door, and find her out if possible.

Ralph. Aye, Sir, I'll run as fast as you please; tho' I am sure nothing but the Devil can overtake her; for I'll warrant her a Witch. [*Exit.*]

Wel. This must be some Trick. I fancy this Town's as bad as London.

Gam. No; perfectly barren of all Invention, which makes me more eager to find it out.

Wel. Aye, but the cunning Gypsy has manag'd it so, that I fear it is impossible. [*Enter Ralph, wiping his Eyes.*] How now, Ralph? what, crying!

Ralph. Not Tears of Sorrow, Sir; but that Devil my Master sent me after, saw me coming, and turn'd about with one of her damn'd Airs, and blew a great Pinch of Snuff in my Eyes. [*Gam. and Wel. laugh.*]

Gam. Well, and where is she?

Ralph. Nay, really, Sir, that I can't tell; for I never could see with my Eyes shut in my Life.

Wel. Poor Ralph, 'twas an ill-natur'd Jade indeed to blind thee. But hark, what Noise is that?

Gam. Sir Loobily reeling drunk, with the Black-Guard about him.

Enter Sir Loobily with three Country-Fellows, and Fiddlers.

Sir Loob. Huzza, my Lads—huzza— for the Honour of Craven—And Buff-Coat has no Fellow—Play up, you Dogs, and give me the Tankard. [*Drinks.*]

Gam. You're very merry, Sir Loobily; but why do you drink without a Toast? you should toast somebody.

Sir *Leo*. Friend, I don't love Toast, it drinks up all the Liquor, and takes away all the Strength.

Gam. Nay, Sir *Loobily*, I don't mean that sort of Toast; you should toast your Mistress.

Sir *Leo*. Toast my Mistress— what a Pox, toast her brown on both Sides— and rub her with Nutmeg?— then soufe her in a Hoghead of Ale 'till she's drunk— and so my Mistress must be a drunken Toast. Hark ye, Friend, [*pulling Welby by the Sleeve,*] is not this Fellow a little foolish.

Wel. No, Sir *Loobily*, that's only a new Expression for drinking your Mistress's Health.

Sir *Leo*. For drinking my Mistress's Health— oh, oh,— then instead of saying— here's— your Health, Forsooth, I must say, Here's your Toast, Forsooth— here, *Hodge*, be sure you remember— this, 'till we get to *Craven*-- again. Nouns, we'll toast the— Lasses 'till they're as brown as a Berry. [*To Gam.*] But here, you Friend— I have forgot your Name.

Gam. Aye, and your own too by this time I suppose.

Sir *Leo*. Do you know these— three jolly Lads?

Gam. No really, Sir, I have not that Honour.

Sir *Leo*. Why then— I'll traduce you— into their Acquaintance. This Fellow here— is *Nic Pricklouse*— my Taylor— he mends all my old— Cloaths, and spoils all— my new ones. Then this is— an honest Farmer— but sometimes a Rogue in Grain;— for he cheats the Parson— of his Tythe-Corn. Then here's honest *Hodge*, my Blacksmith and Farrier— and there is not an honest— Fellow within the four Seas— of Christendom. Nouns, you shall drink his Health—

Wel. I wish you would excuse us, Sir *Loobily*; for we have been drinking already.

Sir *Leo*. No, no, no excusing; *Hodge* shall be roasted— toasted, what a Pox do you call it— Here, give me thy Hand, honest *Hodge*— [*takes his Hand, and dips one of his Fingers in the Tankard*] a Bit of the Toast will relish the— Liquor— [*drinks to Gam. then offers the Tankard.*]

Gam. No, I thank you, Sir *Loobily*, both the Liquor and the Toast are your own.

Sir *Leo*. Why you— pittiful Dog, do you— refuse to drink— my *Hodge's* Health— I tell you, Sirrah,—

if I had a Sister-- he should have her. I wish I could persuade-- my Mother to have him-- rot me if I don't.

Wel. This *Hodge* is a mighty Favourite, I perceive.

Sir Leo. Nouns, Sir,-- you don't know what I've won-- by his Management-- first ten Guineas of my Lord *Spendthrift*-- then seven of Colonel *Thoughtless*-- that's nineteen-- ten and seven-- aye, that's nineteen; --then twelve of Sir *Noisy Cinq-Ace*-- nineteen and twelve-- is eight and twenty-- beside five or nine of forty-- more-- which I have forgot.

Gam. The Knight reckons well-- Why, Sir *Loobily*, your Pockets are as heavy--

Wel. As his Head.

Gam. And your Heart as light--

Wel. As his Heels; for I see he has not Lead enough in them to keep the Hulk steady. Sure four thousand Pounds a Year was never worse bestow'd.

Sir Leo. Hark ye,--you Fellows,-- here's honest *Symkin*-- shall dance a Horn-pipe; come, *Symkin*. [*Symkin dances, and Sir Loobily shouts and claps his Hands; the Dance ended, enter Lady Greasy.*]

L. Gr. What, in the Name of *Belzebub*, is the matter here, is Hell broke loose, you Crew of rude roaring Raggles!

Gam. to *Wel.* So now we shall have Sport; for my Lady has been mad all Day, and I fancy she will employ her Fingers as well as her Tongue by and by.

Sir Leo. Oh, ho, my Lanlady, is it you-- Why, what a Pox do you-- make all this-- Din for?

L. Gr. Lanlady, you unmannerly Tyke, do you think I keep an Ale-house, Sirrah?

Sir Leo. And do you think, Hussy,-- 'tis fit for you to call a Justice of the Peace, and a Knight--Sirrah--Nouns, I could find in my Heart to demolish your dirty Top-Knot--, pull off your false Friz--, and shew all the Company your bald Pare.

L. Gr. Thou foul sifted Fool, touch a Hair of my Head, and I'll have thee sent to the House of Correction.

Sir Leo. Prithee, good Wrinkles, get out; for I've some Business with those Gentlemen, not fit for you to hear.

L. Gr. Aye, you foul-mouth'd Fop, and here's a House fit for no Body to see but your nasty self.

Sir

Sir Loo. Nouns, say another-- Word-- and I'll swear the Peace against you-- and bind you over my self-- Why, what a Box is the Woman bewitch'd-- Huffy, either come and dance Roger-- with me-- or get you gone about your Business. *[Gives her a Slap on the Back.]*

L. Gr. Oh my Back! I shall be murder'd here. A cowardly Scrub, to strike a Woman.

Wel. You see, Madam, Sir Loobily is in Drink, you can do no good with him to Night; and in the Morning I'll assure you we will espouse your Quarrel.

L. Gr. Aye, aye, I see how much I am oblig'd to you.

Sir Loo. Come, will you-- dance with me? Shake Hands-- and be Friends.

L. Gr. I'll have none of your nasty Paw.

Sir Loo. Nor give me your Hand-- Nouns, but you shall give it me, and I'll make you dance-- with me as you go to-- that. *[Pulls Lady Greasy about.]*

L. Gr. Stand off, Sirrah. I shall be murder'd. O Lord! Help, Gentlemen, I shall be ravish'd. Help, Joan! Help, Maudlin! Help, help.

[Enter two Wenches with a Map and Broom, and bears Sir Loobily's Companions off the Stage, then enters Baref.]

Baref. What the Devil's the Matter here? Is my Lady Greasy run distracted? *[Lady Greasy sees Bareface, leaves Sir Loobily, and falls upon him.]*

L. Gr. Out, you kidnapping Dog: Are you come to steal my Daughter, as you would have done at the Rapes, Sirrah?

Baref. Damn you and your Daughter. I came to see Mr. Wilby.

L. Gr. You lie, Dog-bolt; you lie, Caterpillar.

[Baref. off his Whig, and spits in his Face.]

Baref. For Heaven's Sake, Dear Gentlemen, take me out of the Paw of this She-Bear, she has spoil'd my best Periwig, a Dog take her.

Sir Loo. Aye, Friend, --and-- my best Periwig too. Dog take her twice.

L. Gr. I am glad on't Rogue; get out of my House, Hell-hound; get out of my House.

Baref. Damn you, confound your Daughter, burn your House, and may you all rot together.

[Exit Bareface, Lady Greasy pushing him.]

Wel. Ha, Ha, ha, poor Bareface was frightened out of his Wits.

Gam. Aye, and look'd like a hunted Devil.

Sir Loo. But what a Pox has-- you Succubus --done with my Blacksmith? Egad, if she has -- hurt Hodge -- I'll cut her Throat -- and have her burnt for a Witch -- Hodge, Hodge.

(Exit Sir Loobily calling Hodge.)

Wel. Gamont, you're all-a-mort, and don't seem to relish the Diverſion we have had.

Gam. To ſay the Truth, *Iſabella* runs a great deal more in my Head, than I thought ſhe would have done; and this Lord makes me extreamly uneaſy; then ſhe ſeems to delight in giving me new Torments.

Wel. Truly I own that is not like ſo much as common Friendſhip.

Gam. No, her whole Behaviour runs counter to my Expectations, and her Love is ſpun to the laſt Thread, or I was in the wrong to think ſhe ever had any.

Wel. If I were you, I would to her once more, and either bring her to a Reſolution, or quit my Pretenſions for ever.

Gam. 'Tis what I deſign; for I know (true Woman-like) the more I ſubmit, the more ſhe'll inſult.

Fond of their Pow'r, and pleas'd to give us Pain,

If with Reſpect we woo, then they diſdain.

Seem but indifferent, ſhe ſtrait complies,

Aſraid to loſe the Conqueſt of her Eyes.

Thus Women, by Contraries always toſt,

Are moſt complying, when you ſlight 'em moſt.

ACT V.

SCENE *Lady Ample's.*

Enter Iſabella, Gamont following.

Gam. **M**Adam, I fear you will think me rude, to preſs into your Company without Permiſſion; but this is the third Time I have been repulſ'd, and I was ſo deſirous to know if it were by your Order, that I forc'd my Way through to aſk the Queſtion.

Iſa. Indeed, Mr. Gamont, I cannot charge my Servants with what perhaps you may call a Fault; I own what they have done, was in Obedience to my Commands.

Gam. And ſhall I not be too troubleſome, Madam, if I deſire to know the Cauſe?

Iſa. The Cauſe, Mr. Gamont; certainly you cannot be at a Loſs for the Cauſe, if you conſider mine and your own Circumſtances; nor can you blame me now, if I give my ſelf up to Wealth and Honour, Merit and Love.

Gam. This is what I fear'd. (*aſide.*) Eſtates and Titles admit of no Objections; Merit and Love are only ſhining

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ving Bubbles that are plac'd in the Rear, to add to the gaudy Grandeur of the Pageant, where, as soon as the Show is over, they are laid by with the rest of the Equipage, to keep clean 'till the next State-Day. I once heard you prefer one to t'other; but that Time is elaps'd, I find.

Isa. No, Mr. Gamont, I have the same Deference now for Love and Merit, that I always had; but it would be very weak Logick, to say they are less preferable when join'd with Wealth and Honour, than when alone.

Gam. True, Madam; but giving a Man Hopes, which you your self must own you have done, and then spurning him from you without a Cause, is inconsistent with that Goodness which I always thought you Mistress of.

Isa. How can you reproach me with what I have done as much for your Good as my own? Can any Thing be kinder than to prevent your Fate, and make you happy even in Spite of your self?

Gam. Do but convince me I am happy, and I submit. No, Madam, you had none of those kind Considerations, 'till the fine Lord *Splendid* came, who shall either resign his Pretensions, or drench his Sword in that Heart, which you have stabb'd already, and sent bleeding back. *(Going.)*

Isa. Stay, Gamont, and let me conjure you, by all the Love you ever had for me, to forbear your Resentments, at least for this Night.

Gam. Your Commands have hitherto been sacred; but should I now stand tamely by, and see my self robb'd of all that's dear to me, you might with Justice brand me for a Coward, and hate me for the Fault even you your self command. No, curse me, Heaven, if ever I resign you but with my Life.

Isa. I own you are generous; and had I a Fortune, or you an Estate --- Well, Gamont, this Night is dedicated to Mirth; and since I must no longer command, I desire, nay, beg of you not to spoil it by a too precipitate Folly, which you may first repent. This you must grant, or never see me more. *(Exit Isabella.)*

Gam. Solus. And better had I never see you more, than never see you mine: Death and Destruction is all her Love, and my Hopes come to this; to be deny'd Access, and put off with a sham Pretence of losing her Fortune, only to make Way for another Oh, Woman! Woman! Damnation, Ruin, Despair, and Death, were thy Attendants at thy first Creation; and Disdain, Hypocrisy, and Deceit, are the Reward of all that fall into thy cursed Snare. *(Exit Gamont.)*

Enter Liddy.

Lid. I can't imagine what my Lady means, by using poor Mr. Gamont thus. First she makes him believe

she has lost all her Fortune; then she sends me disguised like the Devil's Ambassadors, to try if I could draw him from his Allegiance to her, the Sovereign of his Heart. Then she noses him with a fine singing dancing Lord, that she cares not a Fig for; and all to find a Flaw in his Title, which must needs make her the greatest Loser.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Mrs. Liddy, where's Isabella?

Lid. She's above in the Dining-Room, Madam.

Lou. Has she any Company?

Lid. No, Madam, (aside.) unless it be an evil Conscience. Will you please to walk up? Or shall I tell her you are here?

Lou. No, I'll wait her coming. (Exit Liddy.)

Poor Gamont is sadly chagreen, but won't tell me the Cause, I'll try if I can get it out of Isabella; for I fancy she's in the Bottom of it.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Bless me, Child, where have you been all this while?

Lou. I have been suffering Persecution under your Sr Loobily: 'Tis a Pity, my Dear, you did not see the Knight in all his Airs; for he was very drunk, and very witty.

Isa. Very witty! that Part of his Character surprises me; sure he got drunk at the Foot of Parnassus.

Lou. Aye, perhaps the Muses were a little frolicksome, so made him their Merry Andrew. But what have you done to poor Gamont? I think you have laid an Embargo on his Tongue; for I can't get him to speak a Word.

Isa. Indeed not I; I fancy it has only run down its Alarm, and wants winding up again; for our Tongues, like our Watches, are sometimes at a Stand.

Lou. I left him with Seneca's *Morals* in his Hand, I suppose reading himself a Lecture upon Patience; for really the Men are in the right; they had need of a good Stock, when they have us to deal with.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha; the Deaux take me if I ben't very well pleas'd I have no Brothers.

Lou. And the Deaux take me if I don't believe you.

Isa. Nay, not so much for being possess'd of their Part of the Estate, as that I am not put upon the ungrateful Work of running down my own Sex, in Vindication of theirs.

Lou. Neither am I, Child; but I would do every Body Justice.

Isa. Come, Louisa, let Gamont be his own Champion, and you and I Friends; the gay Part of the World reckon it the dullest Thing in it, to talk of an Amour of two Months standing; it should be no more remembered,

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ber'd, than the last Sunday's Sermon; or the Act against cursing and swearing.

Lou. I am afraid, my Dear, the same meddlish Airs that makes you forget your Love, will obliterate your Friendship too; I am sure one is of as long a standing as t'other.

Isa. No, *Louisa*, my Friendship's inviolate, and will last me my Life.

Enter Liddy.

Lid. Madam, your Brother's Man desires to speak with you.

Lou. Pray, Mrs. *Liddy*, bid him come in. (*Ex. Lid.*

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Madam, my Master's going out of Town, and desires to see you before he goes.

Lou. Out of Town! tell him I come. (*Exit Ralph.* I can't imagine the Meaning of this, nor where he is going; but I really think you are the Cause, *Isabella*.)

Isa. Phu, phu, pray however try to divert his Journey to Night; for I know if he goes, it will put *Welby* and you out of Humour, and spoil our Dancing.

Lou. I'll try what I can do.

Isa. But let me know if you can't prevail, because I must provide another in his Place.

Lou. I doubt, my Dear, you have done that already.

(*Exit Louisa.*) (*Isabella sees Bareface coming.*

Isa. Bless me, what does this Blockhead want? I am resolv'd he shan't see me; I am not in a Humour for Impertinence. (*She absconds, and enters Bareface.*

Bare. I have made a Pretence to come and stay for *Gamont*, but my chief-Business is to see *Isabella*. I consider she is much the best Fortune; then I know she loves me; for I never come where she is, but she looks with such a languishing Air-- as if she said-- dear Mr. *Bareface*, have you no Pity for a poor young Lady, that dies for you.

Isa. aside. Say you so, Goodman Fool; but if I don't use thee like what thou art, may I never taste the Pleasure of Revenge.

Bare. Well, it is an unspeakable Pleasure to see so many of the Fair so ready to comply. Egad, I shall fancy myself the Grand Seigneur, and the whole City of *York* my Seraglio. I wish *Isabella* would come, while I am in the Humour.

Isa. aside. Well, *Tom Coxcomb*, I am a coming.

(*Exit at one Door, and enter at t'other.*

Isa. Mr. *Bareface*, and alone; what a Pity it is you should rob the whole World at once of such agreeable Company?

Bare. Indeed, Madam, I have deny'd my self the Pleasure of all the fine Women in the Town, to come and seek a greater in your Ladyship's charming Conversation.

Isa. Sir, you do me a great Honour; I wish I knew how to make the most acceptable Return.

Bare. Oh! Madam, you transport me: I never had an Opportunity of telling you so before; but I love you to Distraction, consume me if I don't.

Isa. My Vanity never got to such a Height, as to hope for a Conquest over the accomplish'd Mr. *Bareface*. I was never in a fair Way of being the Envy of all my own Sex before.

Bare. Fairh, Madam, and so you have their Envy: But let 'em burst with Spite, and languish, pine, and die, they must excuse me, if I consult my own Inclinations before theirs, and make my self happy, what-e'er becomes of them.

Isa. aside. I han't Patience with this Puppy; he makes my Blood rise at him.

Bare. Madam, what has forc'd that beautiful Blush into your Face?

Isa. A conscious Guilt of a too ready Compliance, Sir. (*aside.*) I must be forward, or the Fool will keep me here all Day.

Bare. Then come, my Charmer, when will you make me happy?

Isa. Where both Parties are agreed, there needs no long Courtship, yet for Decency's Sake you should have come once more; but my Aunt is resolv'd to sacrifice me this Night to that Fool Sir *Loobily Foddrel*, and I cannot love him; so am forc'd to dispense with Decorum, rather than run the Hazard of being his.

Bare. Madam, none but the Vulgar stand upon Ceremony; the Quality have quite left it off. Come, let us consult where to join our Hands, as well as Hearts.

Isa. When I am your Wife, Mr. *Bareface*, I shall be accountable for my Conduct to none but you; and since you will be so expeditious, come with a Coach and a Parson into my Lord-Mayor's Walk, and I'll be ready at the upper Door of Mrs. *Allen's* Garden, whip with you into the Coach, and the Work will be done in a Twinkling.

Bare. Egad, Madam, I like you better now for your Wit, than I did before for your Beauty or incomparable Humour: Why, I am perfectly transported with my approaching Bliss: Must I not seal this happy Contract with a Kiss?

Isa. No, Mr. *Bareface*, you know you don't love to act like the Vulgar; and it will give a new Turn to your Character, to say you have marry'd a Woman you never kiss'd 'till she was your Wife.

Bare. Well, my Dear, I submit to every Thing you say; and will go and prepare for the happy Minute. (*Exit.*)

Isa. And I for the Sport that's to attend it.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Was not that *Bareface* went out just now?

Isa. Yes.

Lou. For Heaven's sake, what brought him here?

Isa. I believe he will be ready to say his evil Genius did, before he is much older.

Lou. Why so? what have you done to him?

Isa. Nothing yet, the Sport's to come. He came to do me a very particular Favour, by offering me a Coxcomb's Heart, which I have most kindly accepted of.

Lou. And pray what do you intend to do with it?

Isa. Dispose on't as I do my old Cloths; either change it away for China, or give it my Maid.

Lou. Aye, the China-Women indeed do take any Rubbish; but I think 'tis hardly worth your Maid's Acceptance. Pray how long have you been honour'd with Mr. Bareface for a Lover?

Isa. Why I heard him just now in one of his private Soliloquies, where the Blockhead very frankly told himself I was in Love with him.

Lou. Well, my Dear, Gamont gives his Service to you, but dares not stay in Town to Night, for fear he should be provok'd to disobey your strict Injunctions; however, he will wait upon you before he goes.

Isa. I shall be glad to see him, and wish him a good Journey.

Lou. aside. So cold. Well, *Isabella*, had you half that Friendship for me you pretend, I am satisfy'd you would use my Brother better for my sake.

Isa. Child, I always allow'd Gamont had Merit enough to deserve good Usage for his own Sake; but we can't withstand our Fate, and my Mind at present is wholly taken up with my Design on Bareface, with which I am mightily pleas'd.

Lou. Well, but what is your Design?

Isa. That you shall presently hear. *(Rings a Bell.)*

Enter Liddy.

Lid. Did your Ladyship call?

Isa. Aye, *Liddy*, you and I have liv'd a considerable Time together, but now I am willing to part with you.

Lid. Madam, I am so surpriz'd, I can hardly ask you the Reason.

Isa. If it were not very much to your Advantage, I should not think of it: In short, I am going to present you with a Husband, and 400*l.* a Year.

Lid. aside. If this should prove Bareface, my Work's done to my Hand: A very valuable Present indeed; but how shall I catch him?

Isa. That I'll shew you; the Gentleman is Mr. Bareface. Go you to Mrs. Allen's Garden, where he is waiting at the upper Door; he will suppose it is I; so put on one of my Night-Gowns and Scarfs, and say as little as you can. The Ceremony is to be perform'd in a Coach; and as soon as it is over, come directly hither.

Lid. I won't slight your Ladyship's Kindness so much, as to make any Objections, and will defer my Thanks 'till I come back.

Isa. Aye, aye, away. (*Exit Liddy running*) So much for this; now for my own Affairs: But see here comes my Aunt and Sir Jeffrey.

Enter Sir Jeffrey and Lady Anple.

L. Am. Is not the Company come yet, Niece?

Isa. No, Madam, here's no Body come but *Louisa*; we have been diverting our selves with a very good Jest, which as soon as it is ripe for Discovery, you shall partake of.

L. Am. Aye, aye, may be I have as good a Jest, and as ripe for Discovery as you have; Sir Jeffrey and I ---

Sir Jef. Aye, my Lady and I are ---

Isa. Not marry'd sure.

Sir Jef. Yes, but we are sure.

Isa. So, so, Sir Jeffrey, then I have lost my Lover. Well, this would have been very surprizing News, if I had not once by Chance met with two or three of Sir Jeffrey's Letters; which, Madam, I should not have had Curiosity enough to have pry'd into, but that I suspected there was Love in the Case.

Sir Jef. Aye, my little Bell, it was my whole Business to Town; and had I been a young Fellow, perhaps I should have trilled away a Year in Courtship; but we had no Time to lose, so made all the Haste we could.

L. Am. And if I had been a young Girl, Sir Jeffrey, I should have expected a longer Address; but as it is ---

Isa. Aye, as it is, I think no Body can mend it; and I wish you both Joy with all my Heart.

Lou. So do I; and may you live a great many Years, and be as well pleas'd with one another as you are now.

Isa. I wonder, Sir Jeffrey, you never thought of marrying before.

Sir Jef. Why I'll tell you, while my elder Brother liv'd, I had not enough to maintain a Wife; but when he dy'd, and left no Child, I thought it was a Pity twelve hundred Pounds a Year should be lost for Want of Heirs.

Lou. Sir Jeffrey's in the right, as indeed he is in most Things.

Sir Jef. I am glad, Madam, you have so good an Opinion of me.

Isa. Indeed, Sir Jeffrey, I have often wonder'd how a Man, brought up in so remote a Corner of the Earth, as you have been, should be Master of so much Discretion and good Sense.

Sir Jef. Indeed, Cousin Bell, I have not a little lamented my Want of a more polite Education; but it was as my Father order'd it.

L. Am. It is a strange Humour that possesses most great Families,

Families, that tho' their Fortunes are not sufficient to maintain their younger Sons according to their Birth, will yet notwithstanding bring them up without any Manner of Business.

Isa. And at their Deaths leave them wholly dependant on their elder Brother, who seldom troubles his Head with improving their natural Parts.

Sir Jof. But thinks it Favour enough, if he admits 'em to sit at the lower End of his own Table. This has been too much my Case, and hinders me from making such a Figure in the World as other ways I might have done.

L. Am. O, here's the Gentlemen come.

Enter Gamont and Welby.

Gam. to *Isa.* Madam, tho' I lie under some Apprehensions of breaking your last Command, I could not leave the Town 'till I came to receive new ones.

Isa. Mr. Gamont, if my Commands are of any Force with you, I shall exert 'em for your own Advantage.

L. Am. Pray, Gentlemen, what's become of Sir *Loobily*?

Wel. Madam, he is most abominably drunk, with all the Mob in the Town at his Heels. He says his belov'd *Hodge* has pick'd his Pocket; and *L. Greasy* and he have been fighting 'till all the Street was in an Uproar.

Isa. Madam, the Comedy begins to draw towards an End, and it is almost Time for me to declare my Self. In the first Place, Sir *Loobily* is my Aversion, and I beg you will urge it no more.

L. Am. I must own, Niece, I can't disapprove of your Resolution; and had I known him to have been such a Brute, would never have nam'd him to you.

Isa. Mr. Gamont, you have no Doubt wonder'd at my late Behaviour to you, and not without Cause; but I was resolv'd to be satisfy'd of your Sincerity, which now I am; and if you have any Inclinations or Wishes left for me, I am here both willing and ready to crown them.

Gam. Madam, you have surpriz'd me into a Happiness so remote to my Expectations, that it is not without some Difficulty I give Credit to my Senses. But as one awaken'd from a dreadful Dream of inevitable Ruin to a full and perfect Bliss; so I, with the humblest Thanks, receive the Blessing.

L. Am. Truly, Sir, I don't know whether you are surpriz'd or no, but I assure you I am.

Isa. Madam, I desire you will please to pardon me, for disposing of my self without your Consent; it was what I knew you would never give, so would not make you uneasy by asking it; but I doubt not but Mr. Gamont's Goodness will make you his Friend at last.

Wel. That I rejoyce at this happy Turn of your Fortune, you have many Reasons to believe; and particularly

cularly because I have now Leave to hope this Lady will not be averse to my Addresses.

Gam. That I dare say she won't; my Sister, for my Sake, will have Pity on my Friend.

Lou. Mr. Welby has too much Merit of his own, to need an Advocate; but our Acquaintance is so short; it is not likely I should determine already.

Gam. Come, *Louisa*, tho' you don't know him, I do; and I hope you dare take my Word.

Lou. Well, Brother, a Month hence there may be some Hopes of my Compliance.

Isa. I find every Thing is now like to go well, and I am resolv'd, *Louisa*, we will be Brides in one Day, to keep one another in Countenance.

Gam. to *Wel.* Prithce, *Welby*, entertain *Louisa*, while I tell *L. Ample* and *Isabella* of my Father's Death.

Welby and Louisa talk a-part.

Gam. I have one Thing here to reconcile *L. Ample* to my Happiness, which is this Letter, with an Account of my Father's Death, and that I am in Possession of 3000*l.* a Year, and can give you a Title as well as *Sir Loo. Madam.*

L. Am. Your generous Carriage is more than the Discovery of your Estate, and has made me entirely satisfy'd; and I now with Pleasure wish you Joy.

Lou. What's that you're talking of; I heard Joy mention'd, and am resolv'd to have my Share.

Enter Capt. Tinsel and Miss.

Capt. Gentlemen and Ladies, your Assistance and Protection, or I am undone.

Gam. Bless us, Captain, what's the Matter?

Capt. The Matter! why all Hell's broke loose, and the Devil, in the Shape of my Mother *Greasy*, at my Heels.

Wel. I thought you could have fac'd the Devil himself, Captain; sure you're a better Soldier than to fly from an Enemy; why don't you stand her, Man?

Capt. No Man could ever say he made me afraid; but this infernal She-Fury does a little startle me.

L. Am. Well, Captain, as soon as my Lady comes, I'll try my Interest with her to make up the Matter.

Isa. Aye, that we'll all do; and here she comes.

Miss. Oh dear, hide me then, pray hide me.

Capt. No, no, stay, you can never see her better, than before all this Company. *(Enter L. Greasy.)*

L. Gr. Oh! are you there? Oh! that ever I was born to see this Day. Oh! *Dolly, Dolly*, thou hast undone thyself; and broke thy poor Mother's Heart into the Bargain. Oh! oh! *(Cries.)*

L. Am. Come, Madam, this signifies nothing; pray try to recover your self out of this Passion, and consider what's done is past recalling.

L. Gr. Oh! my *L. Ample*, my poor Barn is ruin'd; she has marry'd a Fellow not worth a Groat. *Capt.*

Cap. I think, Madam, you shou'd be pleased, that your Daughter has married into a Family that can mend her Breed, and make her a Gentlewoman.

L. Gre. A Gentlewoman, thou beggarly Dog, can any thing be a Gentlewoman that's tied to such a pitiful Scab as thou art?

Cap. You are mistaken, Madam, I am a Man of as great a Family as any in the Company.

L. Gre. Sirrah, don't tell me your Stuffation and Non-sensation; what signifies your Family, unless you had something to uphold it with? but I am resolved I'll have some Revenge of the Rogue, I'll pull his Throat out.

(Flies at his Throat.)

Miss Dolly. Oh my Husband! Oh my Mother!

Sir Jeff. Nay, hold, Madam, you must not choak him neither.

(Sir Jeff. takes her off.)

L. Am. Pray, Madam, command your self; this is not the Way to do any good; beside, you'll make your Daughter a Jest to all the World.

L. Gre. I care not; she's undone already, and what worse can happen?

L. Am. Yes, yes, it may be worse, if you don't still take Care of her; come, consider she's young, and he had a seducing Tongue.

L. Gre. Why, that's true. Well, since it is gone so far, I have one Disposal to make, and upon no other Terms will I be reconciled. Let him throw off that tawdry Red Coat, put on an Apron, and I'll him take into the Business with my self.

Cap. Aside. Oh! the Devil, now shall I be set to cut Candle-Wicks.

L. Am. Nay, Captain, if you don't agree to this, you don't deserve my Lady's Favour.

Cap. What, is it fit that one that has had a Commission in the Army, shou'd submit to so servile an Employment. Intolerable!

Wel. Why not, don't we read of several of the Roman Generals, who, after they had beat their Enemies, betook themselves to the Plow? now, in my Opinion, a Chandler is as gentle a Calling as a Plow-man.

L. Gre. Well, Mr. Busie, what's that to you; if he can make her a Gentlewoman, he shall make her a Gentlewoman, I don't want your Device.

Wel. Egad this 'tis to side with a Woman.

L. Gre. Come, Dolly, my Lass, don't cry any more; since thou art so fond of a red Coat and a Sword, prithee take 'em; for my Part, I'll e'en throw by the Trade, and try if I can turn Gentlewoman too. But what's become of that Rascal Bareface, who, I hear, was the Contriver of this Match?

Isa. Oh! he's married himself by this time.

Gam. How, married! to whom?

Isa. To me, as he supposes, but, in Reality, to my Maid.

L. Gre. Now, as I hope to see Dolly Lady Mayoreess of York, I am glad on't.

Gam. But how came it to pass? I am surpris'd.

Isa. You'll hear all by and by.

Sir Jeff. Upon my Word, Cousin *Bell*, you're a Wag.

L. Am. Ay, so she is; yet I can't say but he deserves it too.

L. Gre. Hang him, hang him, she's too good for him by far.

Wel. You were very private, Madam, in your Contrivance, that we never heard one Word on't.

Isa. *Louisa* and I were resolv'd you shou'd all be in a Humour to laugh, before we discovered the Jest.

Lou. I hear a Coach stop; 'tis certainly they.

L. Am. Pray, Neice, step into that Closet; we will have a little more Sport, before we tell the Fool his Fate.

Isa. With all my Heart.

(Goes in.)

Gam. They're here.

Enter Bareface, and Liddy with her Hood over her Face.

L. Am. Mr. Bareface, where in the Name of Wonder have you and my Neice been? and what have you been doing?

Bare. That, Madam, which no body can undo; in short, we are married.

Lou. Mr. Bareface and *Isabella* married! impossible!

Bare. Impossible! why so Madam, [*Aside.*] She looks concern'd; I believe the poor Creature had a Mind to me herself. [to *Lou.*] Had you answered my Letter in time, you might have secured the Happiness to your self; but you know 'tis too late now.

Lou. What does the Fellow mean?

L. Am. My thinks, my Neice would have done well, to have made me acquainted with this Business.

Bare. Why really, Aunt, it was something amiss; but you'll pardon it I hope; she was too much in Love to mind any thing but me.

L. Am. Aside. Impudent Coxcomb.

Gam. Harkoe, Bareface, if you be certainly married to *Isabella*, I expect you to meet me to morrow Morning, with Sword and Pistol, in *Foosforth-Fields*.

Bare. The Devil shall meet you there for me. No, no, Friend, I have a Trick worth two of that; an Oath and a piece of Paper, shall do as well as your Powder and Ball; for I'll swear the Peace against you, and have my Lord Mayor's Warrant to secure you. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter *Isabella* out of the Closet.

Isa. Stay, Mr. Bareface, I'll save you that trouble.

Bare. *Isabella* there! Why then who the Devil have I got here?

Lid. turning up her Hood. Your true and lawful Wife
Liddia Bareface. *(All laugh.)*

Wel. Mrs. Liddy, I wish you Joy. Why, how came this
about, Bareface?

Bare. Nay! may I perish if I know. My true and law-
ful Wife, with a Pox! my Hell and Damnation! Why, as I
hope to be saved, Gentlemen, I thought it had been *Isabella*.

Gam. Yes, that we believe, Mr. Bareface; however, you
and I have one Comfort left; it will save your Oath, and
my Powder and Ball.

L. Gre. Out, you Sot, how cou'd you think that Mrs. *Is-
bel* wou'd ever have such a Hatcher-Fac'd Cur, as you are.

Lid. Come, Mr. Bareface, you can't blame me for
making my Fortune; I confess I have had a Design upon
you, ever since you gave me the Five Shillings Bribe, to
speak to my Lady for you; which, since I never did, it is
but Reason I shou'd return them. *[Gives the Bribe.]* I
always thought they would be part of your Wives Portion.

Isa. This cunning Gypsie never told me one Word of
this.

Lid. Then, Mr. Bareface, here's your Letter you sent to
Madam Louisa; I knew she wou'd but laugh at you, so
wou'd not let *Ralph* deliver it; I intended to have made
another Use of it, but my Lady, I thank her, prevented me.

Bare. *Aside.* Pox take you, and the Letter too.

Lou. I suppose, Mr. Bareface, that's the Letter I shou'd
have answer'd.

Bare. I vow to Gad, Madam, so it is. Well, Ladies, I
can't help it, you see it was none of my Fault.

Isa. No, Mr. Bareface, we can't blame you; it was our own
cross Fortune that hinder'd our Happiness; but I beg you
will make a kind Husband to my Maid; for I assure you
she is a Gentlewoman's born, (and tho' perhaps you may
never find so our), a Woman of very good Sense and

Bare. Madam, the more good Qualities she has, the
more I have to thank you for. *[Aside.]* Pox take you for
your Present.

Sir Jeff. So, so, all's well. Come, now let's have a Dance.

L. Gre. Ay, do, do; but prithee, Friend, fetch me a Tan-
kerd of Country Ale, I'll drink their Healths the while.

The Dance ended.

Sir Jeff. Well, Cousin Bell, the more I see of this Fel-
low, the more I think you have done well in chastising
him; and from henceforth, I shall have a better Opinion
of your whole Sex's Judgment, for your sake.

I'll now no more those idle Tales believe,

That tell how gaudy Out-fades Men's decay'd.

The Coxcombs by your Conduct mortified,

The Man of Sense rewarded with a Bride.



